

# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR MARCH, 1825.

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Art. I. *Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe*,  
By J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi, of the Academy of Arts of  
Geneva, &c. &c. &c. Translated from the Original, by Thomas  
Roscoe, Esq., with Notes. 2 vols. 8vo. Price 11. 8s. Lond. 1823,

WE did not notice in our Journal, M. Sismondi's work upon the literature of the South of Europe, when it first appeared. But we do not regret the omission, since it has enabled us to examine it in a very competent and correct translation. In many respects, the original is considerably a gainer, as it comes from the hands of its translator; especially as Mr. Roscoe has embellished the extracts of M. Sismondi (which, from the refractory spirit of French poetry, he was obliged to present through the lifeless medium of French prose) with elegant metrical versions into English. These, to an English reader, must considerably augment the value of this important portion of literary history.

These volumes comprise a rapid sketch of the Arabian literature, the language and poetry of the Provençals of Langue d'Oc, the Trouvères of Langue d'Oil, and the Italians. A very interesting branch of the Author's extended undertaking,—the literature of the Western Peninsula of Europe, will occupy the sequel.

To those who are desirous of making accurate researches into the literary history of Italy, the origin of its language is a necessary inquiry. But the solution of the problem has long divided the learned. M. Sismondi and M. Ginguené concur in attributing the rise of the languages now spread over the south of Europe, to the tenth century. But neither of these writers has, in our opinion, traced the gradual melting down of the ancient into the modern tongue with satisfactory clearness. It is not our aim to supply the defect, for it is a task too minute for the rapid pen of a reviewer. Yet, we cannot abstain

from a few remarks on a subject of so interesting and curious speculation. That all the southern dialects of Europe were derived from the Latin, is too obvious to require proof. That language had been gradually substituted, in consequence of the Roman conquests in those countries, for the original dialects, which were, it is supposed, for the most part, Celtic. But the Latin thus introduced into these provinces, and nearly effacing their mother tongues, could not, if it obeyed the law of all languages when they come into vernacular and provincial use, preserve either the primitive purity of its pronunciation, or its usual conformity to its written sounds. Even in Italy, it did not escape the common fate of languages, and was, of course, exposed to the corruptions of popular speech;—corruptions which, in the declining days of the empire, became the more licentious from the decay of learning, the only standard by which common discourse can be rectified. The restraint, therefore, on ungrammatical anomalies and arbitrary licences, being thus removed, every province capriciously innovated upon the Latin, which followed the natural proneness of all living languages to that abbreviation of words, and that melting down of its consonants, which are found so convenient for colloquial ease and rapidity. When the barbarous nations obtained a footing in those provinces, least of all was it to be expected, that the elegant precision of the Latin inflexions would have stood uninjured. From the analogies of the northern dictions, the use of the auxiliary verbs became more frequent. Then followed the passive auxiliary, and the words *habeo* and *teneo*, also, as auxiliaries in the conjugation of verbs. Then, from the same Teutonic examples, came the usage of the definite and indefinite articles, the want of which was too sensibly felt by those rude conquerors, not to be speedily supplied.

Still, however, the Latin language existed, and the barbarous settlers agreed to take it in exchange for their own. Yet, no language, whatever may be its intrinsic vigour, can long withstand those successive invasions and conquests which are alike the scourge of idioms and of nations. It remained, however, in substance, from the age of Constantine to the twelfth century, and was the language of all public records even to a later period; but the Latin was no longer in common use, and the corrupt jargon, or '*lingua volgare*,' began, at that time, to assume the shape of a distinct language, and to acquire, by degrees, the form in which it was found by the creative genius of Dante, who first smoothed its chaotic and elemental rudeness into symmetry and beauty.

In the meanwhile, the Latin language had declined in France at a much earlier period. Beyond the seventh century, it had



ceased to be spoken in its southern provinces; and so early as the eighth, the *lingua Romana rustica* had acquired a distinct and substantive character, whose birth preceded that of the Italian by at least 350 years. In a council held at Trent,\* in 813, the bishops were ordered to have certain homilies of the Fathers translated into the rustic Roman. The origin of the Provençal language may be dated, therefore, from a much earlier period than the reign of Bozon at Arles, which is the period assigned to it by M. Sismondi.

We fully concur in the philosophical view which the Genevese Professor has taken of those singular phenomena attending the Provençal language,—its sudden rise and its equally sudden extinction.

‘When in the tenth century,’ says M. Sismondi, ‘the nations of the south of Europe attempted to give a consistency to the rude dialects which had been produced by the mixture of the Latin with the northern tongues, one of the new languages appeared to prevail over the others. Sooner formed, more generally spread, and more rapidly cultivated than its rivals, it seemed to assume the place of the forsaken Latin. Thousands of poets flourished, almost contemporaneously, in this new language, who gave it a character of originality which owes nothing to the Greeks or the Romans, or to what is called classical literature. They spread their reputation from the extremity of Spain to that of Italy; and they have served as models to all the poets who afterwards succeeded them in other languages, even to those of the North, and, amongst these, to the English and the German. All at once, however, this ephemeral reputation vanished. The voice of the Troubadours was silent; the Provençal was abandoned, and, undergoing new changes, again became a mere dialect, till, after a brilliant existence of three centuries, its productions were ranked amongst those of the dead languages. From this period, it received no additions.’

‘The high reputation of the Provençal poets, and the rapid decline of their language, are two phenomena equally striking in the history of the cultivation of the human mind. That literature, which has given models to other nations, yet, amongst its crowd of agreeable poems, has not produced a single masterpiece, a single work of genius destined to immortality, is the more worthy of our attention, as it is entirely the offspring of the age, and not of individuals. It reveals to us the sentiments, the imagination, and the spirit of the modern nations, in their infancy. It exhibits what was common to all and pervaded all, and not what genius, superior to the age, enabled a single individual to accomplish. Thus the return of the beautiful days of spring is announced to us, not by some single wonder of the gardens, in the production of which the artificial exertions of man have

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\* Hallam's Middle Ages. Vol. III.

seconded the efforts of nature, but by the brilliant flowers of the fields, and by the prodigality of the meadows.'

The rise, progress, and decline of Provençal poetry, are discussed at great length by M. Sismondi. But the poetry of the Provençals was not coeval with their language. The capture of Toledo, in 1083, by Alonzo VI. of Castile, and the succession of Raymond Berenger to the county of Provence, fifty years later, have been respectively assigned as the periods of its birth. M. Sismondi evidently dates it from the latter of these events; but each, in its turn, must have considerably influenced it. Toledo, when it was conquered, was one of the most celebrated seats of Arabian literature. No persecution was let loose upon those who professed the Mussulman faith. The former inhabitants were encouraged to remain; their religion was protected, and their schools and colleges were preserved with all their endowments and privileges: a beneficent and wise policy, and worthy of the imitation of more enlightened ages! The character of the conquered people was essentially poetical. At the same time, a very large proportion of those who followed the fortunes of the Castilian king, were adventurers from the south of France. In all probability, therefore, the first poetical efforts of the *Provençaux* are referrible to this period. But the accession of Raymond Berenger to the throne of Provence, gave a new direction to the national spirit, by the mixture of the Catalans with the Provençals. Their language was nearly the same, and was called by the natives, from the name of a French province, Llemosi, or Limousin. The Catalans had, indeed, long before derived considerable cultivation from their commercial intercourse with Eastern nations; and thus the court of Barcelona imbibed the spirit of chivalry and freedom, and acquired a strong relish for the luxury, refinement, and elegance of the Arabians. The migration, then, of so splendid a court to Provence, introduced into that country its tastes, pursuits, and studies, and gave birth to the poetical spirit which, to use M. Sismondi's words, shone over Provence and all the south of Europe, like a sudden electric flash through palpable darkness.

'At the same time with the Provençal poetry, chivalry had its rise. It was, in a manner, the soul of the new literature; and the character which is thus given to the latter, so different from any thing in antiquity, and so rich in poetical invention, is one of the most important matters of observation in the history of modern literature. We must not confound chivalry with the feudal system. The feudal system may be called the real life of the period of which we are treating, possessing its advantages and inconveniences, its virtues and its vices. Chivalry, on the contrary, is the ideal world, such as it ex-

isted in the imaginations of the Romance writers. Its essential character is devotion to woman and to honour. But the poetical notions which then prevailed, as to the virtues which constituted the perfection of knights and ladies, were not entirely the fictions of the brain. They existed amongst the people, though perhaps without being carried into action; and when at last they acquired greater stability by the heroic songs in which they were inculcated, they began to assert a more practical influence over the people who had given them birth, and the realities of the feudal system became identified with the fictions of chivalry.'

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' Frankness and loyalty, which are essentially chivalric virtues, are in general the consequences of strength and courage; but, in order to render their practice general, it is necessary that some chastisement or disgrace should attend their violation. But, in the midst of their castles, the lords were devoid of all fear, and public opinion had no influence over men to whom social life was unknown. The middle ages, consequently, display more examples of scandalous treachery, than any other period. Love, it is true, had assumed a new character, which preserved the same shape under the operation of the realities of the feudal system and of the romantic fictions of chivalry. It was not more tender and passionate than amongst the Greeks and the Romans, but it was more respectful, and something of mystery was mingled with its sentiment. Some remains of the same religious veneration continued to be felt for women, which the Germans evinced towards their prophetesses. They were considered rather as angelic beings than as dependants and inferiors. The task of serving and protecting them was considered honourable, as though they were the representatives of the divinity upon earth; and to this worship, an ardour of feeling and a turbulence of passion and desire were superadded, little known to the Germans, but peculiar to the people of the South, and the expression of which was borrowed from the Arabians. Amongst the chivalrous, love always preserved this pure and religious character. But, where the feudal system extended its influence, the most extreme disorder prevailed, and, in the literature of that time, we find more scandalous instances, than at any other period, of the corruption of manners. Neither the *sirventes*, nor the *canzos* of the Troubadours, nor the *fabliaux* of the Trouvères, nor the romances of chivalry, can be read without a blush. The licentious grossness of the language is equalled, in every page, by the shameful depravity of the characters, and by the immorality of the incidents. In the south of France, more particularly, peace, riches, and a court life, had introduced, amongst the nobility, an extreme laxity of manners. Gallantry seems to have been the sole object of their existence. The ladies, who only appeared in society after marriage, were proud of the celebrity which their lovers conferred on their charms. They were delighted with becoming the objects of the songs of their Troubadour; nor were they offended at the poems composed in their praise, in which gallantry was often mingled with



licentiousness. They even themselves professed the Gay Science, *el Gai Saber*, for thus poetry was called; and, in their turn, they expressed their feelings in tender and impassioned verses. They instituted Courts of Love, where questions of gallantry were gravely debated, and decided by their suffrages. They gave, in short, to the whole south of France the character of a carnival, affording a singular contrast to the ideas of reserve, virtue, and modesty, which we usually attribute to those good old times.

Chivalry is justly considered by M. Sismondi as an entirely poetical invention. It is worthy of remark, that the same era that is recorded by contemporary historians as marked by the general profligacy of high and low, is, after the lapse of ages, adorned by the poets with the most splendid fictions of grace, virtue, and valour. Whatever period is assigned to chivalry, when we examine it, we find it necessary to antedate it still higher, till we lose sight of all authentic history or credible tradition. This is a just and ingenious remark, which has escaped the long series of writers who have busied themselves in details and illustrations of a supposed state of society, which, though abounding in heroic spirits, has no claim to the proud distinction of a universally diffused chivalry. At the commencement of their career, however, the Provençals were unacquainted with the chivalrous fictions: the compositions of their Troubadours were entirely lyrical. But when, in the games called *Tensons*, they combated in verse before illustrious princes, or before the Courts of Love, they discussed questions of the nicest delicacy and the most exalted gallantry. The spirit of chivalry resided in their poetry, which has the high credit, amid all the vices of the age, of preserving the essential principles of chivalry—a respect for honour, and a high, enthusiastic feeling. M. Sismondi attributes the delicacy of sentiment and the mysticism of love, observable in the Troubadour verses, to the Arabian poetry, and to Eastern manners.

‘The passion of love,’ he says, ‘displays itself, amongst the people of the South, with a more lively ardour, and a greater impetuosity, than in the nations of Europe. The Musulman does not suffer any of the cares, or the pains, or the sufferings of life, to approach his wife. He bears these alone. His harem is consecrated to luxury, to art, and to pleasure. Flowers and incense, music and dancing, perpetually surround his idol, who is debarred from every laborious employment. The songs in which he celebrates his love, breathe the same spirit of adoration and of worship which we find in the poets of chivalry; and the most beautiful of the Persian *ghazèles* and the Arabian *cassides* seem to be translations of the verses or songs of the Provençals.

‘We must not judge of the manners of the Musulmans by those of the Turks of our day. Of all the people who have followed the law of the

Koran, the latter are the most gloomy and jealous. The Arabians, while they passionately loved their mistresses, suffered them to enjoy more liberty; and of all the countries under the Arabian yoke, Spain was that in which their manners partook most largely of the gallantry and chivalry of the Europeans. It was this country also which produced the most powerful effects on the cultivation of the intellect, in the south of Christian Europe.'

Notwithstanding the objections of A. W. Schlegel to the hypothesis, we have no doubt whatever of the influence of the Arabian literature on that of the south of Europe. We go further; for we consider this to be the true parentage of the Provençal poetry. The strongest proof of filiation is the adoption of rhyme; a form, we apprehend, emphatically Arabian. This, indeed, has been ascribed to a Latin, a German, and a Scandinavian origin; erroneously, we are convinced; for the Latin rhymes of the middle ages, are posterior to the mixture of the Latins and the Arabians. The German rhymes are long subsequent to the early poetry of the Arabians, which was uniformly rhymed; and those of the Scandinavians and Goths were not rhymes, but alliterations; in other words, repetitions of the same sound at the commencement, not at the termination of words. *Assonance*, or the rhyming of the terminating vowels, is peculiar to the poetry of the Southern nations. But the Arabians combined their rhymes in various ways, to please the ear, and it was introduced in all its varieties by the Troubadours into the Provençal poetry. But they did not adhere to the Arabic forms. They varied their rhymes still more, crossing and intertwining their verses, so that the return of the rhyme was kept through the whole stanza. M. Sismondi enters into some dry and tedious details upon this part of his subject; but they are not unimportant, because the laws of versification discovered by the Troubadours, are of very general application, and have been adopted by all the countries of the south, and by most of the people of the north of Europe. Upon this subject, M. Sismondi makes the following judicious and elegant remarks.

'This structure of the verse, this mechanical part of poetry, is singularly connected, by some secret and mysterious associations, with our feelings and our emotions, and with all that speaks to our imaginations and our hearts. It would be wrong, in studying the divine language of poetry, to regard it merely as the trammels of thought. Poetry excites our emotions, and awakens or captivates our passions, only because it is something which comes more home to our bosoms than prose; something, which seizes upon our whole being, by the senses as well as by the soul, and impresses us more deeply than language alone could do. Symmetry is one of the pro-

perties of the soul. It is an idea which precedes all knowledge, which is applicable to all the arts, and which is inseparable from our perceptions of beauty. It is by a principle anterior to all reflection, that we look, in buildings, in furniture, and in every production of human art, for the same proportion which the hand of nature has so visibly imprinted on the figure of man and of the inferior animals. This symmetry, which is founded on the harmonious relation of the parts to the whole, and is so different from uniformity, displays itself in the regular return of the strophes of an ode, as well as in the correspondence of the wings of a palace. It is more distinguishable in modern poetry than in that of antiquity, in consequence of the rhyme, which harmonizes the different parts of the same stanza. Rhyme is an appeal to our memory and to our expectations. It awakens the sensations we have already experienced, and it makes us wish for new ones. It encreases the importance of sound, and gives, if I may so express myself, a colour to the words. In our modern poetry, the importance of the syllables is not measured solely by their duration, but by the associations they afford; and vowels, by turns, slightly, perceptibly, or emphatically marked, are no longer unnoticed, when the rhyme announces their approach and determines their position. What would become of the Provençal poetry, if we perused it only to discover the sentiment, such as it would appear in languid prose? It was not the ideas alone which gave delight, when the Troubadour adapted his beautiful language to the melodious tones of his harp: when, inspired by valour, he uttered his bold, nervous, and resounding rhymes; or, in tender and voluptuous strains, expressed the vehemence of his love. The rules of his art, even more than the words in which he expressed himself, were in accordance with his feelings. The rapid and recurring accentuation, which marked every second syllable in his iambic verses, seemed to correspond with the pulsations of his heart, and the very measure of the language answered to the movements of his own soul. It was by this exquisite sensibility to musical impressions, and by this delicate organization, that the Troubadours became the inventors of an art, which they themselves were unable to explain. They discovered the means of communicating, by this novel harmony, those emotions of the soul, which all poets have endeavoured to produce, but which they are now able to effect, only by following the steps of these inventors of our poetical measures.\*

M. Sismondi has inserted in his elegant work, many specimens of Troubadour poetry, which are admirably rendered by Mr. Roscoe. We insert a song by Clara d' Andusa, one of the ladies who sate in the Courts of Love. The chief beauty of the original is to be found in the harmony of the verse.

\* Into what cruel grief and deep distress  
The jealous and the false have plunged my heart,  
Depriving it by every treacherous art  
Of all its hopes of joy and happiness:



For they have forced thee from my arms to fly,  
Whom far above this evil life I prize;  
And they have hid thee from my loving eyes.  
Alas! with grief, and ire, and rage I die.

‘ Yet they, who blame my passionate love to thee,  
Can never teach my heart a nobler flame,  
A sweeter hope, than that which thrills my frame,  
A love, so full of joy and harmony.

Nor is there one—no, not my deadliest foe,  
Whom, speaking praise of thee, I do not love,  
Nor one, so dear to me, who would not move  
My wrath, if from his lips dispraise should flow.

‘ Fear not, fair love, my heart shall ever fail  
In its fond trust—fear not that it will change  
Its faith, and to another loved one range;  
No! though a hundred tongues that heart assail—  
For Love, who has my heart at his command,  
Decrees it shall be faithful found to thee,  
And it *shall* be so. Oh, had I been free,  
Thou, who hast all my heart, hadst had my hand.

‘ Love! so o’ermastering is my soul’s distress  
At not beholding thee, that, when I sing,  
My notes are lost in tears and sorrowing,  
Nor can my verse my heart’s desires express.’

We must not linger any longer in those parts of the work, in which the Author appreciates the merits, and describes the character of the Provençal poetry. In truth, we must be permitted to remark, with due deference to M. Sismondi, that the fame of the celebrated Troubadours, rests far less upon their positive excellence, than on the darkness of the preceding ages, which gave them every advantage of contrast to the unpoetical dulness which had so long prevailed; and above all, on their permanent influence upon the poetry of succeeding ages. Several hundred of these versifiers seem successively to have swarmed like insects, from William the ninth count of Poictou to their extinction about the end of the next century. Of these, Millot has collected the lives of one hundred and forty-two, and the names of many more. M. de Sainte-Palaye also has reviewed the productions of nearly two hundred. The result of this examination is, that a uniform mediocrity of merit prevails in the Provençal poetry from its earliest to its last specimens. The same hyperbolical gallantry, the same false conceits, the same portraiture, tame and at second-hand, of female beauty, without one particle of real feeling, are throughout discernible. The sudden decay of such a poesy might be accounted for by internal causes only. Add to these, the reli-

gious fury and sacerdotal persecution which desolated that delightful portion of Europe about the same period, and the disappearance of the Muses of Provence will no longer appear enigmatical. The dreadful storm which fell upon Languedoc and Provence in the crusade against the Albigenses, scattered the light flowers of Provençal verse; and when tranquillity was restored, poetry had found a soil equally kindly, in which she was destined to bloom with more lasting luxuriance. To sum up the merits of Troubadour poetry, it was conversant only with occasional and temporary subjects: no chivalrous tales or romances are to be found in it. That boldness of genius and fervor of imagination which are characteristic of the poetical efforts of the rudest period of society, are not to be found in the productions of the Troubadours. They were poetical compositions of that class which is most nearly allied to melody:—they acted upon the ear, rather than the soul, by the mere fascination of numbers, and owed their popularity chiefly to the voluptuous sensibility with which the inhabitants of those favoured provinces, during the long interval of national prosperity, felt the united charms of verse and music. The language itself, as a literary language, soon expired; and no relic of the *science gaie* was preserved, but in the Floral Games at Thoulouse, which ineffectually attempted to revive it.

We must pass over the literature of the *Trouvères* altogether, for we must hasten to Italy—and to Dante. While the language and poesy of Provence attained its highest state of cultivation, and Spain and Portugal had already produced poets of great celebrity, the Italian was not yet numbered among the European dialects. Its native richness and harmony were wasted upon a merely popular speech, and no writer of sufficient talent or fame had yet supplied the means of rightly appreciating its beauties. It was reserved to the greatest of modern poets, in the thirteenth century, to immortalize this neglected tongue, and, by the mere force of his unaided genius, to advance it to the highest perfection. The obscure versifiers and sonneteers who were the precursors of Dante, need not detain us. ‘It is principally with a view to the history of the language and its poetry, that we turn over,’ says M. Sismondi, ‘the pages of Ciullo d’Alcamo, Frederick the Second, and Pietro de Vineis, his Chancellor, Mazzeo di Ricco, and other poets of the same class.’ The *lingua cortegiana*, or language of the court, had already been cultivated in Sicily, and was distinguished as the purest of the Italian dialects. Previously to the end of the thirteenth century, it was generally adopted in Tuscany, and polished by several writers of that country

both in prose and verse. The history of Florence by Ricordano Malaspina in 1280, may even now be pronounced not inferior in composition to the best Italian works extant.

Dante's genius has reached an eminence which disdains every vulgar rule of measurement. His wonderful poem is a creation which stands alone in literary history.

'No poet,' observes M. Sismondi, 'had yet arisen, gifted with absolute power over the empire of the soul; no philosopher had yet pierced into the depths of feeling and of thought; when Dante, the greatest name of Italy, and the father of her poetry, appeared, and demonstrated the mightiness of his genius, by availing himself of the rude and imperfect materials within his reach, to construct an edifice resembling, in magnificence, that universe whose image it reflects. Instead of amatory effusions, addressed to an imaginary beauty; instead of madrigals, full of sprightly insipidity, sonnets laboured into harmony, and strained or discordant allegories, the only models, in any modern language, which presented themselves to the notice of Dante; that great genius conceived, in his vast imagination, the mysteries of the invisible creation, and unveiled them to the eyes of the astonished world.

'In the century immediately preceding, the energy of some bold and enthusiastic minds had been directed to religious objects. A new spiritual force surpassing in activity and fanaticism all monastic institutions before established, was organized by Saint Francis and Saint Dominick, whose furious harangues and bloody persecutions revived that zeal which, for several centuries past, had appeared to slumber. In the cells of the monks, nevertheless, the first symptoms of reviving literature were seen. Their studies had now assumed a scholastic character. To the imagination of the zealot, the different conditions of a future state were continually present: and the spiritual objects, which he saw with the eyes of faith, were invested with all the reality of material forms, by the force with which they were presented to his view in detailed descriptions, and in dissertations displaying a scientific acquaintance with the exact limits of every torment, and the graduated rewards of glorification.

'A very singular instance of the manner in which these ideas were impressed upon the people, is afforded by the native city of Dante, in which the celebration of a festival was graced by a public representation of the infernal tortures; and it is not unlikely that the first circulation of the work of that poet gave occasion to this frightful exhibition. The bed of the Arno was converted into the gulf of perdition, where all the horrors, coined by the prolific fancy of the monks, were concentrated. Nothing was wanting to make the illusion complete; and the spectators shuddered at the shrieks and groans of real persons, apparently exposed to the alternate extremes of fire and frost, to waves of boiling pitch and to serpents.

'It appears, then, that when Dante adopted, as the subject of his immortal poem, the secrets of the invisible world, and the three kingdoms of the dead, he could not possibly have selected a more popu-



lar theme. It had the advantage of combining the most profound feelings of religion, with those vivid recollections of patriotic glory and party contentions, which were necessarily suggested by the re-appearance of the illustrious dead on this novel theatre. Such, in a word, was the magnificence of its scheme, that it may justly be considered as the most sublime conception of the human intellect.'

We know not how far we ought to coincide with M. Sismondi, that the first hint of the *Inferno* was taken from this singular spectacle, or whether, as is more probable, the spectacle was represented in honour of the Poem. It shews at least the superstitious notions of the time, which the writer of a popular poem would not have done well to overlook. It is, however, in his style and sentiments, that the greatness of Dante's mind is most displayed. In the cold and frigid conceits of preceding versifiers, where could he have looked for that lofty, austere, and yet graceful dignity, the solemn sounds of which we hear as we approach the portals of his sublime fabric?

\* *Per me si va nella Città dolente,* &c.

The dreadful inscription on the gates of hell arrests the two bards (Virgil and Dante) on their progress to its dismal shades. Mr. Roscoe has judiciously adopted Mr. Cary's unrivalled translation in the extracts from this great poet; though we must always lament the absence of rhyme in a translation of Dante. We shall insert his spirited version of this celebrated passage.

' Through me you pass into the city of woe :  
Through me you pass into eternal pain :  
Through me, among the people lost for aye.  
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:  
To rear me was the task of power divine,  
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.  
Before me, things create were none, save things  
Eternal, and eternal I endure.  
All hope abandon, ye who enter here.'

We could have wished, however, that Mr. Roscoe had done due justice to M. Sismondi's version, which he has unaccountably omitted. It is not often that the unpoetical language of France has been found capable of so much strength and majesty. We shall not therefore apologize for inserting the corresponding passage from the original work.

' Par moi l'on entre la cité du crime,  
Par moi l'on entre l'affreuse douleur,

Par moi l'on entre l'éternel abîme ;  
 Vois ! la justice animait mon auteur ;  
 Par moi s'unit à la haute puissance,  
 Le sage amour du divin créateur.  
 Rien de mortel n' a pu pouvoir destructeur.  
 VOUS QUI PASSEZ, PERDEZ TOUTE ESPERANCE.'

The first part of the Purgatory is replete with the most delicious poetry. Dante's flight seems to be winged through a more ethereal region, and he disports himself after his sojourn in the accursed climes whence he has just escaped, in all the luxuriance of a creative genius. All his figures are taken from the cheerful and pleasing images of nature. The liveliest interest, moreover, is excited by the personages whom he meets on his first entrance into Purgatory. M. Sismondi mentions among these, the meeting of the Bard with the musician Casella, for whom he had cherished the tenderest friendship. It did not perhaps occur to the Author, that Milton, in his sonnet to Harry Lawes, the musician, has also consecrated the memory of Casella.

'Dante must give Fame leave to set thee higher  
 Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,  
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.'

The Paradise is probably the least read ; and we shall here take leave to insert M. Ginguené's very beautiful and just criticism on this part of the poem.

'The Paradise offers none of the resources of the Inferno and the Purgatorio. All there is light and splendour. An intellectual contemplation furnishes its only enjoyment. Solutions of difficult questions, and explanations of mysteries, are the steps by which we arrive at the intimate knowledge and eternal perception of the sovereign good. All this is, no doubt, admirable, but it is too disproportionate to the weakness of the understanding, too foreign from the human affections, which eminently constitute the nature of man, —in a word, too purely celestial perhaps for poesy, which, in the first ages of the world, was, it is true, exclusively consecrated to the affairs of heaven, but which can no longer treat them successfully, if it does not take care to mingle them with terrestrial objects, interests, and passions.' Ginguené, tom. 2, p. 197.

In the last circle of the infernal regions, Dante beholds those who have betrayed their country, entombed in everlasting ice. Two heads, not far distant from each other, raise themselves above the surface. One of these is that of Count Ugolino, who had made himself master of Pisa. The other is Ruggieri, archbishop of that state, who, by means equally criminal, had ruined the Count, and having seized him with his four children, had left them to perish in a prison by hun-

ger. Dante shudders as he sees Ugolino gnawing the skull of his murderer, which lies before him. He inquires into the motives of this savage enmity; and the thirty-third canto commences with the Count's heart-rending narrative. This passage has been rendered by M. Sismondi into French verse, corresponding, as nearly as was practicable, to the *terza rima* of the original;—a luckless experiment, and we will not inflict upon our readers the penance of perusing it. Mr. Roscoe with greater felicity has tried the same experiment upon our own language; and we insert it as a skilful and beautiful specimen of versification.

‘ His mouth upraising from his hideous feast,  
And brushing, with his victim's locks, the spray  
Of gore from his foul lips, that sinner ceas'd :  
Then thus : “ Will'st thou that I renew the sway  
Of hopeless grief, which weighs upon my heart  
In thought, ere yet my tongue that thought betray ?  
But, should my words prove seeds from which may start  
Ripe fruits of scorn for him, whose traitor head  
I gnaw, then words and tears, at once, shall part.  
I know thee not ; nor by what fortune led  
Thou wanderest here ; but thou, if true the claim  
Of native speech, wert in fair Florence bred.  
Know, then, Count Ugolino is my name,  
And this the Pisan prelate at my side,  
Ruggier.—Hear, now, my cause of grief—his shame.  
That by his arts he won me to confide  
In his smooth words, that I was bound in chains,  
Small need is, now, to tell, nor that I died.  
But what is yet untold, unheard, remains,  
And thou shalt hear it—by what fearful fate  
I perish'd. Judge, if he deserves his pains.  
When, in those dungeon-walls emmew'd, whose gate  
Shall close on future victims, called the Tower  
Of Famine, from my pangs, the narrow grate  
Had shewn me several moons, in evil hour  
I slept and dream'd, and our impending grief  
Was all unveil'd by that dread vision's power.  
This wretch, methought, I saw, as lord and chief,  
Hunting the wolf and cubs, upon that hill  
Which makes the Pisan's view towards Lucca brief.  
With high-bred hounds, and lean, and keen to kill,  
Gualandi, with Sismondi, in the race  
Of death, were foremost, with Lanfranchi, still.  
Weary and spent appear'd, after short chace,  
The sire and sons, and soon, it seem'd, were rent  
With sharpest fangs, their sides. Before the trace



Of dawn, I woke, and heard my sons lament,  
 (For they were with me), mourning in their sleep,  
 And craving bread. Right cruel is thy bent,  
 If, hearing this, no horror o'er thee creep;  
 If, guessing what I now began to dread,  
 Thou weep'st not, wherefore art thou wont to weep?  
 Now were they all awake. The hour, when bread  
 Was wont to be bestow'd, had now drawn near,  
 And dismal doubts, in each, his dream had bred.  
 Then lock'd, below, the portals did we hear  
 Of that most horrible Tower. I fix'd my eye,  
 Without one word, upon my children dear;  
 Harden'd like rock within, I heav'd no sigh.  
 They wept; and then I heard my Anselm say,  
 'Thou look'st so, Sire! what ails thee?' No reply  
 I utter'd yet, nor wept I, all that day,  
 Nor the succeeding night, till on the gloom  
 Another sun had issued. When his ray  
 Had scantily illum'd our prison-room,  
 And in four haggard visages I saw  
 My own shrunk aspect, and our common doom,  
 Both hands, for very anguish, did I gnaw.  
 They, thinking that I tore them through desire  
 Of food, rose sudden from their dungeon-straw,  
 And spoke; "Less grief it were, of us, O Sire!  
 If thou would'st eat—These limbs, thou, by our birth,  
 Didst clothe—Despoil them now, if need require."  
 Not to increase their pangs of grief and dearth,  
 I calm'd me. Two days more, all mute we stood:  
 Wherefore did'st thou not open, pitiless Earth!  
 Now, when our fourth sad morning was renew'd  
 Gaddo fell at my feet, outstretch'd and cold,  
 Crying, 'Wilt thou not, father! give me food?'  
 There did he die; and as thine eyes behold  
 Me now, so saw I three, fall, one by one,  
 On the fifth day and sixth: whence, in that hold,  
 I, now grown blind, over each lifeless son,  
 Stretch'd forth mine arms. Three days I call'd their names;  
 Then Fast achiev'd what Grief not yet had done."

Vol. I. pp. 400—404.

We take a reluctant leave of this interesting subject. The space which we have devoted to it, will be readily excused; for every lover of letters and of poesy will linger with delight upon so verdant and flourishing a spot in the history of human genius. The poem of Dante has this pre-eminent distinction, that it is completely *sui generis*, formed upon no antecedent model, and owing nothing to the conventional beauties which are the common property of ordinary poets. Nor must it be

forgotten, (a peculiarity which we endeavoured, in a former article,\* to impress upon our readers,) that Dante was himself the *creator* of the language in which he imbodyed his conceptions. When he wrote, there was no definite Italian tongue. Different dialects had arisen contemporaneously in Italy, among which he had to make his choice. Perhaps, no small portion of the emotions he inspires, may be ascribed to the varied and composite diction which he adopted, and which at once echoed the delicious melodies of Provençal verse, the lofty and dignified tones of Virgil, and the native eloquence of those vernacular idioms which, though employed upon ordinary and ignoble uses, are generally found not to be deficient in vigour, nor incapable of sustaining high and noble conceptions.

We now arrive at Petrarch, whom we shall rapidly dismiss, having dwelt somewhat at length upon his poetical characteristics in the article just referred to. Like Dante, he was exiled from his native city. He was born at Arezzo in 1304, and he died at Arquà in 1374, so that his life may be said to include the whole literary history of the fourteenth century. His reputation is chiefly founded upon his compositions in the newly-created language which he found prepared for his hand;—but letters owe him infinite obligations for his enthusiasm in the restoration of ancient learning, his treatises on philosophy and ethics, and the elegant and flowing rhetoric which pervade all his Latin writings. By these exertions, Petrarch gave a new impulse to the rapid progress of the human mind.

‘The prodigious labours of Petrarch,’ says M. Sismondi, ‘to promote the study of ancient literature are, after all, his noblest title to glory. Such was the view in which they were regarded by the age in which he lived, and such also was his own opinion. His celebrity, notwithstanding, at the present day, depends much more on his Italian lyrical poems, than on his voluminous Latin compositions. These lyrical pieces, which were imitated from the Provençals, from Cino da Pistoia, and from the other poets who flourished at the commencement of that century, have served, in their turn, as models to all the distinguished poets of the South. I would gladly make my readers acquainted with some of these poems, if, in my translations, any of those beauties which so essentially depend upon the harmony and colouring of their most musical and picturesque language, could possibly be preserved.’

‘It is singular that Petrarch, who was nurtured by the study of the ancients, and who was so much attached to the Roman poets,

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\* Eclectic Review, N. S. Vol. XX. p. 103.

should never have attempted to introduce the ode into the Italian language. Neglecting the models which Horace has left, and with the value of which he was so well acquainted, Petrarch has clothed all his lyrical inspirations in two measures, both of which are far more strict and fettered; the sonnet, borrowed from the Sicilians, and the canzone of the Provençal. These two forms of versification, which have been consecrated by him, and which, down to the present day, are much used in Italy, confined even his genius in their bonds, and gave a less natural air even to his inspiration. The sonnet, more especially, seems to have had a fatal influence on the poetry of Italy. The inspiration of a lyric poet, however it may be confined as to form, should surely have no limitation as to its length. But this bed of Procrustes, as an Italian has ingeniously called it, confines the poet's thoughts within the stated space of fourteen verses. If the thought should be too short for this extent, it is necessary to draw it out, till it fills the common measure; if, on the contrary, it be too long, it must be barbarously curtailed, in order to introduce it. Above all, it is necessary to set off so short a poem with brilliant ornaments; and, as warm and passionate sentiments demand a considerable space in which to display themselves, ingenious conceits have usurped, in a composition so essentially lyrical as this, the place of feeling. Wit, and frequently false wit, is all that we meet with.

The sonnet is composed of two *quatrains* and two *tercets*, and has generally four, and never more than five rhymes. Its admirers discover the most harmonious grace in the regularity of the measure; in the two *quatrains*, which, with their corresponding rhymes, open the subject and prepare the mind of the reader; and in the two *tercets*, which, moving more rapidly, fulfil the expectation which has been excited, complete the image, and satisfy the poetical feeling. The sonnet is essentially musical, and essentially founded on the harmony of sound, from which its name is derived. It acts upon the mind rather through the words than by the thoughts. The richness and fulness of the rhymes constitute a portion of its grace. The return of the same sounds makes a more powerful impression, in proportion to their repetition and completeness; and we are astonished when we thus find ourselves affected, almost without the power of being able to ascertain the cause of our emotion.

The brevity of the sonnet, has, no doubt, been the cause of much labour and care being bestowed on that kind of composition. In a long poem, the portions which connect the more important parts, are often necessarily devoid of interest. The poet, in all probability, calculating upon the inattention of his readers, is negligent in this part of his task; an indulgence which is frequently fatal to the language and to the poetical spirit of the piece. When Petrarch, however, gave to the world a short poem of fourteen lines, in this isolated form, which was to be appreciated by its own merits, he bestowed the utmost care upon it, nor suffered it to appear, unless he deemed it worthy of his fame. Thus, the Italian language made a most rapid progress between the times of Dante and Petrarch. More



exact rules were introduced; a crowd of barbarous words were rejected; the nobler were separated from the more vulgar expressions; and the latter were excluded for ever from the language of verse. Poetry became more elegant, more melodious, and more pleasing to the ear of taste: but it lost, at least according to my apprehension, much of the expression of truth and nature.' Vol. I. pp. 418—424.

The ruling influence of Petrarch's life was his passion for Laura. It is to his sufferings and his servitude under this equivocal and hopeless passion, that we owe the melodious complainings of his melancholy lyre. The two leading characteristics of his sonnets, in which their excellence principally lies, are his entire command over the music of his native language, and his finished perfection of style: not more than two words that he has used, have been rejected by later writers. His polished elegance is attributable in some measure to the perpetual study of Virgil. Not one instance of grossness occurs in the Poet of Vacluse; and the austere moralist cannot regret the influence of a poet over the imagination, who never seeks to corrupt the heart. His great defect is, that want of original conception, which tempted him towards the affected and overstrained manner of the Provençal and earlier Italian poets. Of his sonnets, those written subsequently to the death of Laura are, we think, decidedly the best; but the standing reproach of all his sonnets is, the constraint of the measure, which deprives them alike of the graceful flow of the *canzone*, and the vigorous compactness of the *terza rima*. We extract the exquisite Sonnet beginning '*Movesi 'l vecchiar el canuto e bianco*,' which Mr. Roscoe has thus beautifully rendered.

' With hoary head and locks of reverend grey,  
The old man leaves his youth's sweet dwelling place,  
And grief is mark'd on each familiar face,  
Which watches him, as forth he takes his way:  
And he departs, though from his latest day  
Not distant far, and with an old man's pace,  
With right good will, he enters on the race,  
Though travel-tired and broken with decay:  
And now, accomplishing his last desires,  
In Rome, he sees the image of that One,  
Whom to behold in Heaven his soul aspires:  
Even so have I, sweet lady! ever gone  
Searching, in others' features, for some trace  
Approaching thy long-lost peculiar grace.'

The Sixty-ninth Sonnet, '*Ed altri col desio folle*,' was written when the beauties of Laura began to fade.

' Waved to the winds were those long locks of gold,  
 Which in a thousand burnish'd ringlets flow'd,  
 And the sweet light, beyond all measure, glow'd,  
 Of those fair eyes, which I no more behold;  
 Nor (so it seem'd) that face, aught harsh or cold  
 To me (if true or false, I know not) shew'd;  
 Me, in whose breast the amorous lure abode,  
 If flames consumed, what marvel to unfold?  
 That step of hers was of no mortal guise,  
 But of angelic nature, and her tongue  
 Had other utterance than of human sounds;  
 A living sun, a spirit of the skies,  
 I saw her—Now, perhaps, not so—But wounds  
 Heal not, for that the bow is since unstrung.'

(To be completed in the Next Number.)

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Art. II. *Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen.*  
 By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xvi, 764. Price  
 11. 4s. London, 1824.

**I**F singularity of opinion and an adventurous spirit of paradox be just measures of literary merit, Mr. Landor is entitled to a very high reputation; for we scarcely recollect having seen a production more thickly studded over with disputable assertions, or more intersected with intellectual problems and historical doubts. With spells of no mean potency, the Author evokes old and forgotten questions from the grave, in which the universal consent and traditionary acquiescence of mankind had left them to repose; and raises new ones, where the common sense of the world, which is by no means a fallacious oracle, has never yet discovered an ambiguity. For ourselves, we are inclined to treat the case of Mr. Landor in respect of these symptoms, rather as a disorder of the intellect, than of the heart;—as engendered less by the overstrained love of truth, which so often sends us in quest of specious fallacies, than by an inordinate self-love, whose omnivorous appetite finds a repast in all that sickens and offends a healthier palate. The pursuit of truth makes even its aberrations respectable; but the writers of this sect, pursue her only seemingly and in show. They are hypocrites to her genuine worship; they mutter her name, while they are in reality sacrificing to their own vanity.

To this polluted source, must be referred the pertinacity with which Mr. Landor flies in the face of facts resting upon the indisputable faith of historians, and the concurrent testimony of tradition. Monsters, at whose name humanity in-

stinctively trembles, who, while they lived, were the scourges of their insulted species, and have since been canonized to everlasting infamy, are, at the touch of his spear, transformed into the benefactors and ornaments of mankind. To call into doubt the historical verdict which has so long been passed upon Tiberius, is a most wanton freak of scepticism. The vices of that emperor have been indeed depicted by the glowing pencil of Tacitus; but even Tacitus could give only faint and inadequate sketches of the gloomy, unfathomable recesses of a mind alike darkened by dissimulation and hardened by cruelty. According to Mr. Landor, this amiable prince retired to the Isle of Capreae, not, as is vulgarly supposed, to veil his hideous sensualities from the reproachful gaze of Rome, but—to indulge amid its solitudes, a tender melancholy for the loss of his wife! Much injured Nero! A stroke of Mr. Landor's pen sets every thing right, redeems that imperial buffoon from the calumnies of Tacitus and Suetonius, and converts one of the worst tyrants of antiquity into 'a most virtuous and beneficent prince.' Nor are these outrageous propositions stated as mere historic doubts, like the deformity of Richard the Third, or the adventures of Bosworth-field, but passingly and parenthetically, as if they were undeniable facts, which the Author thinks it beneath him to prove. We are not at any time disposed to shew much forbearance even to sportive violations of truth; yet, had they been hazarded as mere trials of intellectual gladiatorship, we might have endured them. But he who calls into unjust suspicion the fixed memorials of history, violates in so far forth, the sanctity of that important oracle, and annuls the force of its most instructive lessons. If it be done in jest, it is a 'poisoning in jest,'—a savage jocularly,—a horse-play raillery, which the sober part of the community, parents, husbands, teachers, would do well to discountenance.

Upon questions of a literary nature, Mr. Landor is perhaps entitled to more latitude. But here again, he riots without modesty or self-control. Never did a more furious iconoclast break into the temple of fame, or more capriciously pull down from their niches the most consecrated reputations. These perversions of literary taste, however, may be endured, or left to the natural penalty they entail; for he who accuses all the world of bad judgement, is sure to convict only himself. Yet, though we are far, very far from blindly idolizing French literature in general, and French poetry much less,—we confess to a little failure of patience, when we observed the best tragedy of the French theatre, the *Zaire* of Voltaire pronounced to be 'a wretched imitation of Shakspeare;' for, whenever we



have perused this play, we have been disposed to exclaim of Voltaire as a tragic writer, '*Si sic omnia dixisset.*' It was here, that he seems to have given the full reins to his imagination, and to have been borne by a genuine poetical inspiration far above the conventional barriers of his national drama. The *Zaire* does not, perhaps, display the finished versification and the artful but mellifluous softness of Racine, nor the scrupulous exactness of his plot, nor the gentle and easy gradation of his sentiment; nor does it reach the lofty imagination and the stern grandeur of Corneille. But it has something surpassing these;—the warm, rapid utterance of the heart, a tone faithful to nature, a winning, resistless beauty of thought and of expression. Nor do we join in Mr. Landor's most contemptuous censures of Boileau. No poetry could endure the bed of torture on which he has pinched and squeezed that unfortunate satirist. But there is a want of common equity in making him liable to rebuke or ridicule, for the vices and absurdities of French versification. Boileau took the French verse as he found it; and the untuneable instrument on which he had to play, ought not, in fairness, to be a reproach to the poet. Mr. Landor, indeed, overflows with spleen against every thing that is French;—French government, French literature, and French staircases. Such undistinguishing antipathies are great deformities in moral and philosophical discourse. They are symptoms of a mind that has surveyed mankind from a narrow horizon, and is little versed in the great and extended code of our nature.

We wish, however, that we had not more serious ground of quarrel with the style and spirit of the "*Imaginary Conversations.*" Profane language is one of the surest indications of coarse manners. More splendid graces of composition than any which Mr. Landor has at command, would not half expiate them. We ask, whether the following sentence, which occurs in the dialogue between Louis the Fourteenth and Father La Chaise, his confessor, and which is put into the mouth of the latter, is a becoming mode of discoursing concerning that Being whose name we are forbidden to desecrate, but whose name cannot but be desecrated, when it is connected with low, and vulgar, and unhallowed associations? '*They*' (speaking of heretics) '*hardly treat God Almighty like a gentleman, 'grudge him a clean napkin at his own table, and spend less 'upon him than upon a Christmas dinner.'*' (Vol. II. p. 120.) Similar instances might be adduced, but we desist from so ungrateful a duty. Indelicacy of expression also is but a meagre substitute for wit. The book opened at random might supply us with various offences of this description. We point only

to the dialogue between Middleton and Magliabeschi, and to a few vulgar expressions uttered by Oliver Cromwell in his conversation with Walter Noble, which, how characteristic soever of the plain and uncircuitous phrase of the Protector, have long since been banished from social life, and are never seen in any printed books that are suffered to lie on a drawing-room table. Besides all this, a spirit of gloomy, discontented republicanism is perpetually struggling for vent in every page of the work. Mr. Landor is the indefatigable reviler of thrones and dignities. All eminence, every thing, in a word, that breaks the flat level of social equality, is sure to excite a contemptuous or peevish remark. These are unamiable sentiments, and disfigure a literary production, (which, generally speaking, is written with much elegance,) like the frowns and wrinkles of discontent lurking amid the charms of the female countenance. In truth, they are some of the worst modifications of a selfish vanity. The hatred of all that overtops ourselves, is rarely found in company with ingenuous or noble feelings. The heart that has systematically trained itself to hate the high, is not one whit the more sensitive to the sufferings and supplications of the low. In Mr. Landor's book, whatever happens to be the theme of the dialogue, the growl of his thorough-bass is rarely intermitted. Kings, emperors, English diplomatists are perpetually assailed by an ambushed and unsuspected warfare, though the subject of disquisition may not have the slightest connexion with any thing which he lays to their charge.

These are serious blemishes in a work which, in various parts, evinces considerable talent. We might pass over the affected orthography which pervades it; and although it has alternately provoked our smile, and exhausted our patience, we are disposed to let him adjust his own quarrel with Dyche and the grave authorities of our tongue, against whom he rises in such wanton rebellion. The same idle attempt was made by Middleton, by Mitford, and by Ritson; but none have enlisted under their standard, and their senseless innovations have disfigured only their own pages. We gladly pass on to the more agreeable office of pointing out passages which do more credit to the good-sense and ingenuity of the Author; premising that Mr. Landor, like many other respectable persons who are more agreeable companions abroad than at home, becomes more pleasing the further he gets from his own times and from the political and religious abuses with which, in his apprehension at least, they are teeming. We have travelled with him pleasantly enough through some of the disquisitions, in which the wise and good of past ages hold a share, and in

which we have not been offended with the querulousness and the sarcasm with regard to which we have just used some slight freedom of remonstrance. But even this commendation must not go unqualified. For instance, while we cordially allow that the dialogue between Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey is exquisitely wrought, and that it displays no ordinary beauties both of sentiment and language,—we cannot with equal readiness admit, that he has identified himself with the spirit, or transfused into his pages the diction of antiquity with the felicity for which more than one of our contemporary Journalists have given him credit. The conversation between Cicero and his brother Quinctus, for instance, bears no resemblance to the manner of the great orator, or to that which we should attribute to one who had pursued the same studies, and must have been deeply tinged with his style and sentiment. How widely remote from the unrestrained flow of language, the easy correctness, the graceful and swelling redundance of Tully in his public and philosophical discourses, and even in his epistles, where, to use his own phrase, he made use of a lighter and less forensic diction—'*leviore quodam sono usus, et qui impetum orationis non habet*,'—are the antithetical sentences contained in the following passage selected from that dialogue! Quinctus had been comparing Cæsar with Sertorius, observing that, having acted upon a more splendid theatre, he might, perhaps, appear at a distance a still greater character. To this Marcus replies:

'He will seem so to those only, who place temperance and prudence, fidelity and patriotism, aside from the component parts of greatness. Cesar, of all men, knew best when to trust fortune: Sertorius never trusted her at all, nor marched a step along a path he had not explored. The best of Romans slew the one, the worst the other: the death of Cesar was that which the wise and virtuous would most deprecate for themselves and their children; that of Sertorius what they would most desire. And since, Quinctus, we have seen the ruin of our country, and her enemies are intent on ours, let us be grateful that the last years of life have neither been useless nor inglorious, and that it is likely to close, not under the condemnation of such citizens as Cato and Brutus, but as Lepidus and Antonius. It is with more sorrow than asperity that I reflect on Caius Cesar. O! had his heart been unambitious as his style, had he been as prompt to succour his country as to enslave her, how great, how incomparably great were he! Then perhaps at this hour, O Quinctus, and in this villa, we should have enjoyed his humorous and erudite discourse; for no man ever tempered so seasonably and so justly the materials of conversation. How graceful was he! how unguarded! His whole character was uncovered; as we represent the bodies of heroes and of gods. Him I shall see again; and, while



he acknowledges my justice, I shall acknowledge all his virtues and contemplate them unclouded. I shall see again our father, and Mutius Scevola, and you, and our sons, and the ingenuous and faithful Tyro. He alone has power over my life, if any has, for to him I confide my writings. And our worthy M. Brutus will meet me, whom I will embrace among the first; for if I have not done him an injury I have caused him one. Had I never lived, or had I never excited his envy, he might perhaps have written as I have done; but, for the sake of avoiding me, he caught both cold and fever. Let us pardon him; let us love him; with a weakness that injured his eloquence, and with a softness of soul that sapped the constitution of our state, he is still no unworthy branch of that family, which will be remembered the longest among men.

‘O happy day, when I shall meet my equals, and when my inferiors shall trouble me no more!’

‘Man thinks it miserable to be cut off in the midst of his projects: he should rather think it miserable to have formed them: for the one is his own action, the other is not; the one was subject from the beginning to disappointments and vexations, the other ends them. And what truly is that period of life in which we are not in the midst of our projects? They spring up only the more rank and wild, year after year, from their extinction or from their change of form, as herbage from the corruption and dying down of herbage. I will not dissemble that I upheld the senatorial cause, for no other reason than that my dignity was to depend on it.’ Vol. II. pp. 353—5.

Our objection does not apply with equal force to that part of the dialogue in which Cicero discourses upon parental affection with great truth and feeling.

‘*Quinctus*.—Proceed my brother. In all temptations of mind and feeling, my spirits are equalized by your discourse; and that which you said with rather too much brevity of our children, soothes me greatly.

‘*Marcus*.—I am persuaded of the truth in what I have spoken. And yet—ah *Quinctus*! there is a tear that Philosophy cannot dry, and a pang that will rise as we approach the Gods.

‘They, who have given us our affections, permitt us surely the uses and the signs of them. Immoderate grief, like every thing else immoderate, is useless and pernicious; but if we did not tolerate, and endure it, if we did not prepare for it, meet it, commune with it, if we did not even cherish it in its season, much of what is best in our faculties, much of our tenderness, much of our generosity, much of our patriotism, much also of our genius would be stifled and extinguished.

‘When I hear any one call upon another to be manly and to restrain his tears, if they flow from the social and the kind affections, I doubt the humanity and distrust the wisdom of the counsellor. If he were humane, he would be more inclined to pity and to sympathize than to lecture and to reprove; and if he were wise, he would con-

sider that tears are given us by nature as a remedy to affliction, although, like other remedies, they should come to our relief in private. Philosophy, we may be told, would prevent the tears by turning away the sources of them, and by raising up a rampart against pain and sorrow. I am of opinion that Philosophy, quite pure and totally abstracted from our appetites and passions, instead of serving us the better for being so, would do us little or no good at all. We may receive so much light as not to see, and so much philosophy as to be worse than foolish.

‘My eloquence, whatever (with Pollio’s leave) it may be, would at least have sufficed me to explore these tracts of philosophy, which the Greeks, as I said, either have seldom coasted or have left unsettled. Although I think I have done somewhat more than they have, I am often dissatisfied with the scantiness of my stores and the limits of my excursions. Every question has given me the subject of a new one; the last has always been better than the preceding, and, like Archimedes, whose tomb appears now before me as when I first discovered it at Syracuse, I could almost ask of my enemy time to solve my problem.

‘Quinctus! Quinctus! let us exult with joy: there is no enemy to be appeased or avoided. We are moving forwards, and without exertion, thither where we shall know all we wish to know, and how greatly more than, whether in Tusculum or in Formiæ, in Rome or in Athens, we could ever hope to learn.’ Vol. II. pp. 384—386.

We were, however, not a little surprised at hearing Cicero, in the same conversation, talk of the laws of perspective; for we have reason to be convinced that the ancients were ignorant of the linear branch of that study. ‘I now perceive that the laws of society in one thing, resemble the laws of perspective: they require that what is below should rise gradually, and that what is above should descend in the same proportion, but not that they should touch.’

The dialogue between Roger Ascham and his accomplished and interesting pupil, we will not injure by a mutilated extract. It breathes the charm of innocence and simplicity, and is in the Author’s very best manner.

‘*Ascham*. Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state; thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. God hath willed it so; submit in thankfulness.

‘Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a great degree, is inspired by honour in a greater: it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection, but in the most exalted minds...Alas! alas!

‘*Jane*. What aileth my virtuous Ascham? what is amiss? why do I tremble?

‘*Ascham*. I see perils on perils which thou dost not see, although thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because Love

hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence, but it is because thy tender heart having always leaned affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil.

‘I once persuaded thee to reflect much ; let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and stedfastly on what is under and before thee.

‘*Jane*. I have well bethought me of all my duties : O how extensive they are ! what a goodly and fair inheritance ! But tell me, wouldst thou command me never more to read Cicero and Epictetus and Polybius ? the others I do resign unto thee : they are good for the arbour and for the gravel-walk : but leave unto me, I beseech thee, my friend and father, leave unto me, for my fireside and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

‘*Ascham*. Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy childbed, on thy deathbed. Thou spotless undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well ! These are the men for men : these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures, O Jane, whom God shall one day smile upon in thy chaste bosom...Mind thou thy husband.

‘*Jane*. I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me ; I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection. I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness, and do forget at times, unworthy supplicant ! the prayers I should have offered for myself. O never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher, by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

‘*Ascham*. Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous ; but time will harden him : time must harden even thee, sweet Jane ! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

‘*Jane*. He is contented with me and with home.

‘*Ascham*. Ah Jane, Jane ! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

‘*Jane*. He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him. I will read them to him every evening ; I will open new worlds to him, richer than those discovered by the Spaniard ! I will conduct him to treasures...O what treasures !...on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

‘*Ascham*. Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him, be his faery, his page, his every thing that love and poetry have invented ; but watch him well, sport with his fancies ; turn them about like the ringlets round his cheeks ; and if ever he meditate on power, go, toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse.

‘Teach him to live unto God and unto thee : and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.’ Vol. II. pp. 51—54.

We do not instance the Conversation between Lord Bacon and Hooker as a successful imitation of the manner of either of those great men. In this respect, we think it is a failure ; —if, indeed, Mr. Landor had not in view, as we are willing to believe, the enforcement of a high morality, rather than a mere



mimicry of language. We omit the absurd and inapplicable remarks of Hooker on the properties of the dittany.

‘ *Bacon*.—Hearing much of your worthiness and wisdom, Master Richard Hooker, I have besought your comfort and consolation in this my too heavy affliction; for we often do stand in need of hearing what we know full well, and our own balsams must be poured into our breasts by another’s hand. Withdrawn as you live from court and courtly men, and having ears occupied by better reports than such as are flying about me, yet haply so hard a case as mine, befalling a man heretofore not averse from the studies in which you also take delight, may have touched you with some concern.

‘ *Hooker*.—I do think, my lord of Verulam, that, unhappy as you appear, God in sooth has foregone to chasten you, and that the day which in his wisdom he appointed for your trial, was the very day on which the king’s majesty gave unto your ward and custody the great seal of his English realm. And yet perhaps it may be, let me utter it without offence, that your features and stature were from that day forward no longer what they were before. Such an effect do power and rank and office produce even on prudent and religious men.

‘ A hound’s whelp howleth if you pluck him up above where he stood: man, in much greater peril of falling, doth rejoice. You, my lord, as befitteth you, are smitten and contrite, and do appear in deep wretchedness and tribulation, to your servants and those about you; but I know that there is always a balm which lies uppermost in these afflictions, and that no heart rightly softened can be very sore.

‘ *Bacon*.—And yet, master Richard, it is surely no small matter, to lose the respect of those who looked up to us for countenance, and the favour of a right learned king, and, O master Hooker! such a power of money! But money is mere dross. I should always hold it so, if it possessed not two qualities; that of making men treat us reverently, and that of enabling us to help the needy.

‘ *Hooker*.—The respect, I think, of those who respect us for what a fool can give and a rogue can take away, may easily be dispensed with: but it is indeed a high prerogative to help the needy; and when it pleases the Almighty to deprive us of it, let us believe that he foreknows our inclination to negligence in the charge entrusted to us, and that in his mercy he has removed from us a most fearful responsibility.

‘ *Bacon*.—I know a number of poor gentlemen to whom I could have rendered aid.

‘ *Hooker*.—Have you examined and sifted their worthiness?

‘ *Bacon*.—Well and deeply.

‘ *Hooker*.—Then must you have known them long before your adversity, and while the means of succouring them were in your hands.

‘ *Bacon*.—You have circumvented and entrapped me, master Hooker. Faith! I am mortified—you the schoolman, I the school-boy!

‘ *Hooker*.—Say not so, my lord. Your years and wisdom are abun-

dantly more than mine, your knowledge higher, your experience richer. Our wits are not always in blossom upon us. When the roses are overcharged and languid, up springs a spike of rue. Mortified on such an occasion! God forefend it! But again to the business...I should never be over-penitent for my neglect of needy gentlemen, who have neglected themselves much worse. They have chosen their profession with its chances and contingences. If they had protected their country by their courage, or adorned it by their studies, they would have merited, and, under a king of such learning and such equity, would have received in some sort their reward. I look upon them as so many old cabinets of ivory and tortoiseshell, scratched, flawed, splintered, rotten, defective both within and without, hard to unlock, insecure to lock up again, unfit to use.

‘ *Bacon*.—Methinks it beginneth to rain, master Richard. What if we comfort our bodies with a small cup of wine against the ill temper of the air.

‘ Wherefor in God’s name are you affrightened?

‘ *Hooker*.—Not so, my lord, not so.

‘ *Bacon*.—What then affects you?

‘ *Hooker*.—Why indeed, since your lordship interrogates me—I looked, idly and imprudently, into that rich buffette; and I saw, unless the haze of the weather has come into the parlour, or my sight is the worse for last night’s reading, no fewer than six silver pints. Surely six tables for company are laid only at coronations.

‘ *Bacon*.—There are many men so squeamish, that forsooth they would keep a cup to themselves, and never communicate it to their neighbour or best friend; a fashion which seems to me offensive in an honest house, where no disease of ill repute ought to be feared. We have lately, master Richard, adopted strange fashions; we have run into the wildest luxuries. The lord Leicester, I heard it from my father—God forfend it should ever be recorded in our history—when he entertained queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth-castle, laid before her Majesty a fork of pure silver. I the more easily credit it, as master Thomas Coriatt doth vouch for having seen the same monstrous sign of voluptuousness at Venice. We are surely the especial favorites of Providence, when such wantonness hath not melted us quite away. After this portent, it would otherwise have appeared incredible, that we should have broken the Spanish Armada!

‘ Pledge me: hither comes our wine.

‘ Dolt! villain! is not this the beverage I reserve for myself?

‘ The blockhead must imagine that malmsey runs in a stream under the ocean, like the Alpheus. Bear with me, good master Hooker, but verily I have little of this wine, and I keep it as a medicine for my many and growing infirmities. You are younger; weaker drink is more wholesome for you. The lighter ones of France are best of all accommodated by Nature to our constitutions, and therefor she hath placed them so within our reach, that we have only to stretch out our necks, in a manner, and drink them from the

vat. But this malmsey, this malmsey, flies from centre to circumference, and makes youthful blood to boil.

\* \* \* \* \*

' *Hooker*.—I know my poor weak intellects, most noble lord, and how scantily they have profited by all my hard painstaking. Comprehending few things, and those imperfectly, I say only what others have said before, wise men and holy; and if, by passing through my heart into the wide world around me, it pleaseth God that this little treasure shall have lost nothing of its weight and pureness, my exultation is then the exultation of humility. Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things; nor even in knowing them thoroughly; but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory. And this wisdom, my lord of Verulam, cometh from above.

' *Bacon*.—I have observed, among the well informed and the ill informed, nearly the same quantity of infirmities and follies; those who are rather the wiser keep them separate, and those who are wisest of all keep them better out of sight. Now examine the sayings and writings of the prime philosophers; and you will often find them, master Richard, to be untruths made to resemble truths: the business with them is to approximate as nearly as possible and not to touch it: the goal of the charioteer is *evitata fervidis rotis*, as some poet saith. But we who care nothing for chaunts and cadences, and have no time to catch at applauses, push forward over stones and sands straightway to our object. I have persuaded men, and shall persuade them for ages, that I possess a wide range of thoughts unexplored by others and first thrown open by me, with many fair inclosures of choice and abstruse knowledge. I have incited and instructed them to examine all subjects of useful and rational inquiry: very few that occurred to me have I myself left untouched or untried. One however hath almost escaped me, and surely one worth the trouble.

' *Hooker*.—Pray, my lord, if I am guilty of no indiscretion, what may it be?

' *Bacon*.—Francis Bacon.' Vol. II. pp. 59—66.

We must make room for the dialogue between Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sydney in the first volume. It is very happily imagined, and calls up the purest images of happiness, friendship, rural enjoyment, and 'home-bred delight.'

' *Brooke*.—I come again unto the woods and unto the wilds of Penshurst, whither my heart and the friend of my heart have long invited me.

' *Sidney*.—Welcome, welcome! And now, Greville, seat yourself under this oak; since, if you had hungered or thirsted from your journey, you would have renewed the alacrity of your old servants in the hall.

' *Brooke*.—In truth I did so; for no otherwise the good household



would have it. The birds met me first, affrightened by the tossing up of caps, and I knew by these harbingers, who were coming. When my palfrey eyed them askance for their clamorousness, and shrank somewhat back, they quarreled with him almost before they saluted me, and asked him many pert questions. What a pleasant spot, Sidney, have you chosen here for meditation ! a solitude is the audience-chamber of God.—Few days, very few in our year, are like this : there is a fresh pleasure in every fresh posture of the limbs, in every turn the eye takes.

‘ Youth, credulous of happiness, throw down  
Upon this turf thy wallet, stored and swoln  
With morrow-morns, bird-eggs, and bladders burst,  
That tires thee with its wagging to and fro :  
Thou too wouldst breathe more freely for it, Age,  
Who lackest heart to laugh at life’s deceit.

‘ It sometimes requires a stout push, and sometimes a sudden resistance, in the wisest men, not to become for a moment the most foolish. What have I done ! I have fairly challenged you, so much my master.

‘ *Sidney*.—You have warmed me : I must cool a little and watch my opportunity. So now, Greville, return you to your invitations, and I will clear the ground for the company : Youth, Age, and whatever comes between, with all their kindred and dependencies. Verily we need few taunts or expostulations ; for in the country we have few vices, and consequently few repinings. I take especial care that my young labourers and farmers shall never be idle, and supply them with bows and arrows, with bowls and ninepins, for their Sunday-evening, lest they should wench, drink, and quarrel. In church they are taught to love God ; after church they are practised to love their neighbour ; for business on work-days keeps them apart and scattered, and on market-days they are prone to a rivalry bordering on malice, as competitors for custom. Goodness does not more certainly make men happy, than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity : for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment : the course is then over ; the wheel turns round but once ; while the re-action of goodness and happiness is perpetual.

‘ *Brooke*.—You reason justly and you act rightly. Piety, warm, soft, and passive, as the æther round the throne of Grace, is made callous and inactive by kneeling too much : her vitality faints under rigorous and wearisome observances. A forced match between a man and his religion sours his temper and leaves a barren bed.

‘ *Sidney*.—Desire of lucre, the worst and most general country vice, arises here from the necessity of looking to small gains. It is the tartar that encrusts economy.

‘ — Avarice  
Grudges the gamesome river-fish its food,  
And shuts his heart against his own life’s blood.

\* *Brooke*.—O that any thing so monstrous should exist in this profusion and prodigality of blessings! The herbs are crisp and elastic with health; they are warm under my hand, as if their veins were filled with such a fluid as ours. What a hum of satisfaction in God's creatures! How is it, Sidney, the smallest do seem the happiest?

\* *Sidney*.—Compensation for their weaknesses and their fears; compensation for the shortness of their existence. Their spirits mount upon the sunbeam above the eagle: they have more enjoyment in their one summer than the elephant in his century.

\* *Brooke*.—Are not also the little and lowly in our species the most happy?

\* *Sidney*.—I would not willingly try nor overcuriously examine it. We, Greville, are happy in these parks and forests: we were happy in my close winter-walk of box and laurustinus and mezereon. In our earlier days did we not emboss our bosoms with the crocusses, and shake them almost unto shedding with our transports! Ah my friend, there is a greater difference, both in the stages of life and in the seasons of the year, than in the conditions of men: yet the healthy pass through the seasons, from the clement to the inclement, not only unreluctantly, but rejoicingly, knowing that the worst will soon finish and the best begin anew; and we are all desirous of pushing forward into every stage of life, excepting that alone which ought reasonably to allure us most, as opening to us the *Via Sacra*, along which we move in triumph to our eternal country. We may in some measure frame our minds for the reception of happiness, for more or for less; but we should well consider to what port we are steering in search of it, and that even in the richest we shall find but a circumscribed, and very exhaustible quantity. There is a sickliness in the firmest of us, which induces us to change our side, though reposing ever so softly; yet, wittingly or unwittingly, we turn again soon into our old position. God hath granted unto both of us hearts easily contented; hearts fitted for every station, because fitted for every duty. What appears the dullest may contribute most to our genius: what is most gloomy may soften the seeds and relax the fibres of gaiety. Sometimes we are insensible to its kindlier influence, sometimes not. We enjoy the solemnity of the spreading oak above us: perhaps we owe to it in part the mood of our minds at this instant: perhaps an inanimate thing supplies me, while I am speaking, with all I possess of animation. Do you imagine that any contest of shepherds can afford them the same pleasure as I receive from the description of it; or that even in their loves, however innocent and faithful, they are so free from anxiety as I am while I celebrate them? The exertion of intellectual power, of fancy and imagination, keeps from us greatly more than their wretchedness, and affords us greatly more than their enjoyment. We are motes in the midst of generations: we have our sunbeams to circuit and climb. Look at the summits of all the trees around us, how they move, and the loftiest the most so: nothing is at rest within the compass of our view, except the grey moss on the park-pales. Let it eat away the dead oak, but let it not be compared with the living one.

' Poets are nearly all prone to melancholy ; yet the most plaintive ditty has imparted a fuller joy, and of longer duration, to its composer, than the conquest of Persia to the Macedonian. A bottle of wine bringeth as much pleasure as the acquisition of a kingdom, and not unlike it in kind ; the senses in both cases are confused and perverted.

' *Brooke*. Merciful heaven ! and for the fruition of an hour's drunkenness, from which they must awaken with heaviness, pain, and terror, men consume a whole crop of their kind at one harvest-home. Shame upon those light ones who carol at the feast of blood ! and worse upon those graver ones who nail upon their escutcheon the name of great. God sometimes sends a famine, sometimes a pestilence, and sometimes a hero, for the chastisement of mankind ; none of them surely for their admiration. Only some cause like unto that which is now scattering the mental fog of the Netherlands, and is preparing them for the fruits of freedom, can justify us in drawing the sword abroad.

' *Sidney*. And only the accomplishment of our purpose can authorize us again to sheathe it ; for, the aggrandisement of our neighbours is nought of detriment to us ; on the contrary, if we are honest and industrious, his wealth is ours. We have nothing to dread while our laws are equitable and our impositions light : but children fly from mothers that strip and scourge them. We are come to an age when we ought to read and speak loudly what our discretion tells us is fit ; we are not to be set in a corner for mockery and derision, with our hands hanging down motionless and our pockets turned inside-out. Let us congratulate our country on her freedom from debt, and on the economy and disinterestedness of her administrators ; men altogether of eminent worth, afraid of nothing but of deviating from the broad and beaten path of illustrious ancestors, and propagating her glory in far-distant countries, not by the loquacity of mountebanks, or the audacity of buffoons, nor by covering a tarnished sword-knot with a trim shoulder-knot, but by the mission of right-learned, grave, and eloquent ambassadors. Triumphant and disdainfully may you point to others.

' While the young blossom starts to light,  
And Heaven looks down serenely bright  
On Nature's graceful form ;  
While hills and vales and woods are gay,  
And village voices all breathe May,  
Who dreads the future storm ?

' When princes smile and senates bend,  
What mortal e'er foresaw his end  
Or fear'd the frown of God ?  
Yet has the tempest swept them off,  
And the oppress, with bitter scoff,  
Their silent marble trod.



‘ To swell their pride, to quench their ire,  
Did venerable Laws expire,  
And sterner forms arise ;  
Faith in their presence veil'd her head,  
Patience and Charity were dead,  
And Hope. . . beyond the skies.

• But away, away with politics ; let not this city-stench infect our fresh country-air.

‘ *Brooke*. To happiness then, and unhappiness, since we can discourse upon it without emotion. Our unhappiness appears to be more often sought by us, and pursued more steddily than our happiness. What courtier on the one side, what man of genius on the other, has not complained of unworthiness preferred to worth ? Who prefers it ? his friend ? no. his self ? no surely. Why then grieve at folly or injustice in those who have no concern in him, and in whom he has no concern ? We are indignant at the sufferings of those who bear bravely and undeservedly ; but a single cry from them breaks the charm that bound them to us.

‘ *Sidney*. The English character stands high above complaining. I have heard the French soldier scream at receiving a wound ; I never heard ours : shall the uneducated be worthy of setting an example to the lettered ? If we see, as we have seen, young persons of some promise, but in comparison to us as the colt is to the courser, raised to trust and eminence by any powerful advocate, is it not enough to feel ourselves the stronger men, without exposing our limbs to the passenger, and begging him in proof to handle our muscles ? Only one subject of sorrow, none of complaint, in respect to court, is just and reasonable ; namely, to be rejected or overlooked when our exertions or experience might benefit our country. Forbidden to unite our glory with hers, let us cherish it at home the more fondly for its disappointment, and give her reason to say afterwards, she could have wished the union.’

We must now close our extracts and our remarks. With regard to the spirit which too frequently breaks forth in the course of Mr. Landor's volumes, we know not whether we ought to express ourselves in terms of reprehension, so much as of concern and regret. The overweening self-love that could delude him into the imagination, that his individual efforts contributed to the fall of Bonaparte, and persuade him, that his pen alone was omnipotent enough to render an infamous name immortal, is beyond the reach of rebuke or remonstrance. Lest we may be suspected of exaggerating or misrepresenting these hallucinations of egotism, we subjoin the following sentences. In a note, speaking of the French Emperor, he remarks : ‘ Although *I* did my utmost in pursuing this tyrant to death, recommending and insisting on nothing less, yet, I

' acknowledge that I am sorry he is dead.' He thus speaks in his own person, in a conversation with the Marchese Palavicini. The Marchese having remarked that the English houses of Parliament ought to have animadverted upon the conduct of a certain English General, Mr. Landor exclaims: ' These two fingers have more power, Marchese, than those two houses. A pen! he shall live for it. What, with their animadversions, can they do like this?' These are errors incidental, we believe, to a secluded and unsocial life. They who stand aloof from the softening intercourses of society, or, like Walter Landor, can exclaim with a self-complacent satisfaction, ' that they never accepted a letter of introduction, nor expressed a wish for any man's society,' are but too apt to place themselves in the centre of the universal system, and to imagine that they have sufficient intellectual strength to communicate an impulse to the moral and intellectual world, which, instead of revolving around them, as they idly dream, is fixed within its own orbit, and governed by its own laws. Intelligence is, no doubt, a mighty power; but the unaided mind of one man can effect but little. And if the reading and literature of Mr. Landor have taught him to indulge in these disordered reveries of intellectual sovereignty, we should not regret to hear that his books had suffered the fate to which those of Don Quixote were consigned by the friendly hands of his niece and his house-keeper. A little self-knowledge, and a correct estimate (which is its best result) of the limitation of our own faculties, would soon dissipate these idle visions, and we strenuously recommend Mr. Landor to lose no time in acquiring it.

*' Tecum habitas, et noris quam tibi sit curta supellex.*

We observe with pain, that modern politicians are shadowed under the names of Anædestatus, Chlorus, and Metanyctius, and that dissembled allusions are made, in many of the dialogues between ancient personages, to modern topics of political controversy. We say, with pain; because there is something unfair and underhand in assailing public characters under the protection of a mask, and because literary discourses lose a great deal of their grace and unity, by so discordant and foreign an admixture.

Art. III. *Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, from the Frontiers of China to the Frozen Sea and Kamtchatka.* By Captain John Dundas Cochrane, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 788. London, 1824.

*UN Grec du Bas Empire*—was, if we recollect a right, the sarcastic epithet applied to the Emperor Alexander, by Napoleon; and the recent measures of the Russian Government, subversive of all the expectations which had been awakened by the concessions to liberal principle that distinguished the earlier period of the present reign, seem to have fixed an equally unfavourable sentiment in the public mind. We must say, that we exceedingly doubt the justness of this feeling. We regret, in common with every enlightened observer of passing events, the change of system which appears to have been adopted by the Tsar. Nothing can be more deplorable than the perpetuation of feudal slavery, and the stern and unyielding maintenance of a military despotism, which seem to be the object of his present counsels. The recent disposition to religious persecution, and to the repression of all efforts to raise the moral and intellectual character of his subjects, exhibit the character of the Muscovite monarch under a very unattractive aspect. It is, however, a circumstance by no means to be overlooked, that every thing we hear of Alexander in private life, is directly opposed to these manifestations of public character. Miss Hawkins has preserved several anecdotes which attest his amiable and liberal disposition, his recollections even of trivial accommodations, and his generous compensation of slight and remote services. The volumes before us owe their existence to the frank and unrestricted license of free movement granted to Captain Cochrane by the Emperor, who seemed personally anxious to afford every facility of investigation, and even made repeated offers of pecuniary aid. It ought, in fact, never to be forgotten, that the Russian autocrat, though the most despotic in theory of any monarch in Christendom, is, in reality, thrall'd and controlled by a formidable combination of powerful and unprincipled nobles, to whom, it is well understood, that his liberal views were exceedingly unpalatable. The annals of his empire contain much matter for gloomy retrospection; and the fate of his father and grand-father shews the readiness with which conspiracies are formed, and the ferocity with which the agents of murder pursue their desperate purpose. Strange stories are told of pithy hints given to Alexander himself; and it is perfectly notorious, that there is little harmony of character, whatever there may be of fraternal attachment, between his



brother Constantine and himself. Whether the removal of the excellent Galitzin, and the favour at present enjoyed by a general officer whose character is held in very different estimation, are to be considered as matters of personal choice, or of expedient concession to external influence, we have no means of determining; but we think it highly probable, that much of what is questionable both in the general and the domestic policy of the Emperor, is attributable to his situation, rather than to his deliberate preferences. The system itself, with its holy alliances against all that tends to emancipation and free institutions, is detestable; but we would hope that its adoption on the part of its principal supporter, is in opposition to his better feelings, and in reluctant subserviency to imperious circumstances.

The immense tracts of partially cultivated territory which make up the vast empire of Russia, comprising so many distinct races of men, a wide variety of climates, and regions as yet imperfectly explored, offer strong temptations to an adventurous traveller; and it appears to be the present disposition of the Government, to allow, at least, if not absolutely to encourage, the investigations of the scientific, and the wanderings of the restless. Nothing could be more liberal than the conduct of the higher officers of administration in the case of Captain Cochrane; and the only opposition he had to encounter, arose from the jealous apprehensions of the Russian company engaged in the fur trade. The offer of pecuniary aid, Captain C., with proper and dignified feeling, declined; but he cheerfully accepted every facility, in the shape of passports and recommendations, which imperial courtesy was willing to afford, and which it became a British officer to receive. An invidious attempt, prompted by motives not to be mistaken, has been made, to give an unfavourable colouring to this transaction, as far as Captain Cochrane was concerned. The weakness of the attack is not less conspicuous, than its unfairness; and that enterprising and high-minded traveller will sustain no abatement of reputation from insinuations, of which the intention cannot for one moment be mistaken.

We have as much relish as our neighbours for travelling in a common way, and find no difficulty in submitting to the ordinary casualties and inconveniencies of the road. Hard beds, lean larders, crabbed landlords, and negligent waiters, fail to disturb our philosophic equanimity; nor do we shrink, on occasion, from manifesting a sturdy independence on post-chaises and stage-coaches, by a vigorous and protracted exercise of our pedestrian energies. We confess, however, that we are quite unable to sympathize with the hero of the narrative

before us. He seems prepared to encounter all climates and all varieties of condition. Empty pockets and a wardrobe all but primitive, are, with him, the very rudiments of pleasant and effective travelling. He states broadly, that he 'was never so happy as in the wilds of Tartary;' and, notwithstanding his rough journey from London, through France, Germany, Poland, Muscovy, and Siberia, to the shores of the sea of Kamtchatka, he expresses himself as having 'never been so anxious to enter on a similar field as at this moment.'

Having journeyed on foot through France, Spain, and Portugal, at the conclusion of the late general peace, Captain Cochrane began to meditate more distant and more important excursions, and, as his first essay, endeavoured to obtain from the Admiralty, encouragement to undertake an exploratory trip to the Niger. Among his other qualifications for this enterprise, he mentions that of having 'been roasted in some of the worst corners of the West Indies, during a period of nearly ten years' service, without a head-ache.' Failing in this application, he determined on making an attempt to circumambulate the globe, as far as practicable, by traversing Europe, Asia, and America, in their higher latitudes, with the specific intention of tracing the shores of the Polar Sea, along the American coast. Early in February, 1820, he landed at Dieppe, and passing through Paris, made the best of his way for Germany. Little of interesting detail occurs until his arrival on the Prussian frontier, where his greeting was of a most inhospitable kind.

'My passport demanded, myself interrogated by a set of whiskered ruffians, obliged to move from one guard to another, the object of sarcasm and official tyranny, I wanted no inducement, fatigued as I was, to proceed on my journey; but even this was not permitted me. A large public room full of military rubbish, and two long benches serving as chairs to an equally long table, were the place and furniture allotted me. I asked the landlord for supper; he laughed at me;—and to my demand of a bed, grinningly pointed to the floor, and refused me even a portion of the straw which had been brought in for the soldiers. Of all the demons that have ever existed or been imagined in human shape, I thought the landlord of the inn the blackest. The figure of Gil Perez occurred to me, but it sunk in the comparison with the wretch then before me, for ill-nature and personal hideousness. His face half covered with a black beard and large bristly whiskers; his stature below the common; his head sunk between his shoulders, to make room for the protuberance of his back; his eyes buried in the ragged locks of his lank, grisly hair;—added to this a club-foot, and a voice which, on every attempt at speech, was like the shrieking of a screech-owl, and you have some faint idea of this mockery of a man. For some time he strutted about wrapped up with

furs, which ill concealed the ragged testimonials of his wretched poverty, and taking immense quantities of snuff. The oaf at length deliberately opened a large box, and, placing in it a pillow and some straw, wrapped a blanket round him, and committed his person to this rude but novel species of bed, shutting the lid half way down with a piece of wood apparently kept for that purpose. I confess, my indignation was so strongly excited, that had materials been at hand, I had the strongest inclination to nail the monster down in his den. My feelings resolved into a determination to run all risks for an escape; and accordingly, getting out at the window in the middle of the night, I took the road to Wittenberg, where I arrived at eight o'clock in the morning, after travelling over fifteen miles of sandy common.' Vol. I. pp. 26—28.

Mr. Rose, the British ambassador to the court of Berlin, seems to have accommodated himself with much kindness to the peculiarities of his eccentric guest, and obtained for him blank passports from the Russian envoy. After a series of adventures, some pleasant, and others requiring both patience and exertion, Captain Cochrane reached Narva, whence he obtained a conveyance to Petersburg in a very singular way. 'A black gentleman,' who was travelling with two carriages, offered him the accommodation of the supernumerary vehicle which followed the one occupied by himself. During the journey, while taking breakfast at Kipene, 'my companion,' says Captain C.,

'asked me whether I was furnished with a passport. I replied in the affirmative. He requested to see it; and, observing my name, inquired if I was related "to Admiral *Kakran*, who was in de West Indies, at de capture of de Danish Islands in 1807?" Being informed I was the Admiral's nephew, he asked, "Are you de son o. *Massa Kakran Jahnstone*?"—"Yes, I am."—"You are den," said he, "dat lilly *Massa Jonny* I knew at de same time." It now turned out that this black gentleman with the two carriages and four horses each, had been my father's and my uncle's servant thirteen years before. Having talked over old matters, he remarked that he could never have recognised me, from the alteration that time had made in my features. I proceeded to inquire his history, but, as he did not seem inclined to be communicative on this head, I did not press him; and we proceeded, both in the same carriage; my friend no longer considering me as a *menial follower*.' Vol. I. pp. 54, 5.

Captain Cochrane's endeavours to ascertain the present situation and abode of his companion were unsuccessful; but a little subsequent inquiry solved the enigma. The 'gentleman' was the servant of a Russian nobleman, in care of his master's travelling equipage.

We have already adverted to the liberal conduct and munifi-



cent officers of the Emperor Alexander, and to the limitations under which Captain Cochrane availed himself of the official facilities afforded him. He quitted the Russian capital on the 24th of May, and on his route, witnessed the conflagration which destroyed the splendid palace of Tzarsko Selo. Soon after this, he was plundered and stripped by robbers, and travelled, literally *sans culottes*, as far as Novogorod, where he accepted from the governor a shirt and trowsers. At Moscow, he received the most hospitable attentions; but, on the road between that ancient capital and the city of Vladimir, he encountered the effects of fanatical inhospitality in the shape of a 'sound drubbing' inflicted by a mob of women armed with 'broom-sticks.' These peremptory ladies belonged to the sect of 'Raskolnicks, or Schismatics,' who are described as most intolerant towards all out of their own pale; refusing even the common offices of social life to those that are without. The Traveller's passage from the European to the Asiatic region, was marked by a different treatment: the good borderers gave him fruit and cream, and he received their friendly offerings, 'standing with one foot in Asia, and the other in Europe.'

The eastern side of the Uralian chain looks out on scenery which evidently belongs to a different climate. The first station in Siberia at which the Captain halted, was Ekaterinebourg, a large and well-built town, principally remarkable for its iron and copper founderies. In this place, he again found his worthy friends, the Raskolnicks; and he avails himself of the rencontre to introduce the following specimen of liberal sentiment. These sectarians, it seems,

'some time ago, sent one of their own body to purchase permission to build a church for the free exercise of their own abominable tenets. The zealous *missionary* was also charged with four hundred thousand roubles, to make good his way: but neither missionary, nor licence, nor money, have been since heard of. This conduct, I should think, might be expected from such *zealous and intolerant unitarians of faith*; for whether Greek, Catholic, Protestant, or Methodist, it is one and the same thing—he who *attempts* to interfere with an established religion, is no tolerant, but a bigot, and what are the most civilized part of the community about?' Vol. I. pp. 130, 1.

Half-drowned by incessant rain, Captain Cochrane entered Tobolsk, where a hospitable greeting, in the shape of a 'pipe' and a glass of punch, made him fancy himself 'any where' rather than in the capital of Western Siberia. This large and ancient city, advantageously situated on the confluence of the Irtysh and the Tobol, both tributaries to the Ob, is distinguished by the excellence of its society. As a place of exile

for the higher orders of *disgraciés*, officers and others, who, by political or slight offences, have incurred disfavour without loss of rank or honour, it brings together in its domestic or convivial associations, men of education and polished manners, among whom may be found some of the highest and most accomplished in intellect and character. Tomsk and Nertchinsk are the *depots* for malefactors and degraded criminals.

• I visited the celebrated fortress built by Yermak, the discoverer and conquerer of Siberia. Several old swords, muskets, and the like, are deposited there, which, for size and weight, might vie with the more famous sword in Dumbarton castle. I also attended an examination at the public military and the provincial schools on the Lancasterian system. The children seemed to have made considerable proficiency in the first rudiments: the schools, however, are yet in their infancy, though nearly one thousand boys attend. It was, indeed, gratifying to a patriotic heart, to see the institutions of Old England adopted in the heart of Siberia;—an adoption equally honourable to us, and creditable to Alexander.

• The view of the surrounding country from the residence of the Governor, is really sublime, preserving still its ancient wild magnificence. In front are the noble Irtysh and Tobol, joining their waters from the east and south, and continuing their united course through the black and impenetrable forests, till lost on the verge of the horizon: the numerous pasture-lands on the opposite bank of the river, with here and there a smoking chimney, enliven the scene, and render the place, with all its surrounding but distant descents, a really enviable retreat. Immediately under the eye, is the river and lower town, with its regularly intersecting streets; all these afford ocular demonstration, that Tobolsk is far from being a dull place; yet, even in summer, the situation is very cold and bleak, being in the latitude of near  $59^{\circ}$ , and the thermometer, during winter, at times falling as low as  $40^{\circ}$  and  $42^{\circ}$  of Reaumur; while, on the other hand, it is not always free from the opposite unpleasantness of extreme heat.

• The climate of the province, generally speaking, is inhospitable, no part but the southern producing grain. The soil is chiefly marl and chalk, except to the north, which is covered with immense tracts of sand. The wood is for the most part stunted in its growth; and such is the poverty of this province, which contains more than a million of souls, that the government receives from it but three millions of roubles nett revenue, or one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. Its extent is immense, being from the latitude of  $50^{\circ}$  to the Frozen Sea, and near one thousand miles in width. The northern districts are inhabited by Samoiedes and Ostiaks, a wild, barbarous race, who live by fishing and hunting, enduring all the rigours of winter, sometimes even without fuel. Fishing is also an active pursuit at Tobolsk, nearly two thousand people being employed upon the Irtysh and Tobol. The practice is, to ascend the streams before the winter commences, catching and drying the fish as they go, and returning to the city with the breaking up of the ice. This employ-

ment, besides providing for the maintenance of those engaged in it, yields a very remunerating profit. The embroidery of muslins is also brought to considerable perfection at Tobolsk, introduced originally by the daughters of exiled officers, who had felt the deprivation of their former means of subsistence, and it is now the prevailing fashion among the ladies. The poor classes, however, are indolent, and will seldom work beyond what is immediately necessary for the procurement of food; and this may in part account for their suffering some of the richest and most beautiful lands in the world, on the banks of the Irtysh, and towards the Chinese frontiers, to lie waste, while they prefer the deserts and forests of the north. To this inducement, however, must be added, that of obstinacy and false pride, and, perhaps, some portion of laudable attachment to their native city, which is termed the grand and ancient capital of all Siberia, and which has been the scene of achievements, equal, if not superior to those of Cortez.'

Yermak, the chieftain referred to in the preceding extract, was originally a leader of banditti, who, after a series of romantic adventures, submitted, in 1581, to the increasing power of the Muscovites. Engaged in continual and successful wars with the Tartars, he was at last surprised and defeated by one of their Khans. Flying for his life, he attempted to cross a river, and was drowned by the weight of his armour.

At Malaya-Narymka, Captain Cochrane crossed the Russian frontier, and stood on the territory of the Celestial Empire.

'An officer and a few men placed here, are all that are left to mark the boundaries of two such mighty empires as Russia and China. I forded the little stream which forms the actual limit, and seating myself on a stone on the left bank, was soon lost in a reverie. It was about midnight; the moon, apparently full, was near her meridian, and seemed to encourage a pensive inclination. What can surpass that scene, I know not. Some of the loftiest granite mountains spreading in various directions, enclosing some of the most luxuriant valleys in the world; yet, all deserted!—all this fair and fertile tract abandoned to wild beasts, merely to constitute a neutral territory.'

At Irkutsk, Captain C. was introduced to Mr. Gedenstrom, a gentleman of considerable talent, whose enterprising ventures on the Arctic ice have enabled him to survey all the islands distinguished by the name of New Siberia, as far north as latitude 76°. The journey from Irkutsk to Yakutsk along the Lena, was effected partly by land, and partly by water. The river here varies in width, according to the season, from two and a half to four miles. Yakutsk appears to be the great mart for skins. A stay here of three weeks, enabled Captain Cochrane to make the requisite preparations for his subsequent movements, which he commenced on the last day of October,



with the thermometer 'at 27° of frost.' After various casualties and much suffering from cold, he reached Vishney Kolymsk on the river Kolyma, in the near vicinity of the Frozen Sea, where he took up his quarters with Baron Wrangel, an officer in the Russian navy, occupied in discoveries to the north-eastward, and whose adventurous exertions we shall have occasion briefly to notice. Our countryman offered to accompany the Baron in his enterprise, but the proposal was inadmissible from a foreigner without the special permission of Government. Failing in this scheme, he determined to visit the fair of the Tchuktchi, with the view of obtaining a passage through their country, and of crossing the Straits of Behring for America. In this too he failed; whether from the suspicions or the avarice of the natives, does not clearly appear: Captain Cochrane supposes the latter. The fair itself was a busy and amusing scene; the Russians bartering various articles, principally hardware and tobacco, against the skins and sea-horse teeth of the Tchuktchi, who exercise a shrewd and unrelaxing vigilance that baffles every effort to defraud them. Captain C. now determined on making by the shortest route for Okotsk, in opposition to the remonstrances of his companions, who recommended as the only safe and practicable measure, a previous return to Yakutsk. Unfortunately, every way, the young Cossack appointed to attend him, had been recently married, and his lovesick yearnings after home, made him a reluctant and injurious associate. The difficulties and danger of the journey seem, however, to have fully justified the unwillingness of the Cossack. The way was impassable but by intense and well-nigh hopeless exertion. Ice-hills and formidable precipices lay in the line of route, which could be surmounted only by perseverance and exhausting fatigue. At length, they reached the 'romantic and fertile' valley of the Omekon, whence, with much unnecessary obstinacy, Captain Cochrane chose immediately to depart, in defiance of seasons and inundations, though a delay of three weeks would have insured the subsidence of the rivers, and the cheerful aid of the natives. He arrived safe, however, at Okotsk on the north Pacific, through many perils, and at the cost of much privation and inconvenience, which might easily have been avoided.

We do not very distinctly understand Captain Cochrane's motives for declining the prosecution of his journey beyond Kamtchatka. Those which he assigns, are so utterly inadequate to the explanation of his change of conduct, that we can only refer it to caprice, or to some interference of policy or intrigue, by which he was trammelled, though he does not feel himself at liberty to disclose it.

In Kamtchatka, however, did Captain Cochrane discover the female who was destined to become his wife, and the patient companion of his homeward journeyings ! Whether she was handsome or rich, learned or witty, or all or none of these, does not appear ; and we are left to conjecture the extent of those accomplishments which could induce forgetfulness of European attractions, and put aside all considerations of inconvenience or danger on the homeward journey.

We shall not accompany Captain Cochrane on his return route, as the major part was over the same track. It will, however, be read with interest in the full-length narrative.

An 'Appendix' is devoted to the statement of a transaction in which Captain Cochrane feels himself entitled to complain of uncourteous and illiberal treatment on the part of the Royal Society. In the winter of 1820, 21, while on the shores of the Frozen Ocean, he addressed to the officers of that association, a communication in which he impugned certain theories of Capt. Burney, laid down in his work on north-eastern discovery. Of this, as well as of another paper, no notice was taken, until the return of Captain C., when, in reply to an application made by him for that purpose, he received one only of the documents in question, without any explanation respecting the other, and without any answer to his request for information respecting the precise time when his letter reached the Royal Society. Bodies of men, *learned* bodies especially, are apt, notwithstanding the folly of such behaviour, to give themselves lofty and supercilious airs ; and the R. S. seems to have been doing this, or something worse, in the present instance.

Captain Cochrane's paper is not well written, nor are its statements very distinct ; but its matter is important, and the treatment he has recently experienced in a certain quarter, awakes the suspicion that *it has been made use of* : it would not be a solitary instance of unfair conduct on the part of the writers to whom we refer.

Baron Wrangel, to whom we have referred, appears to have conducted himself with much talent and intrepidity, in his attempts to give a definite form to the maps of north-eastern Asia. Within a term of three years, he undertook five expeditions on the ice ; two of them having for their object the determination of the position of the north-eastern Cape, or Shelatskoi Noss, and the remainder being directed to the discovery of land by crossing the ice on a northern course. The first succeeded ; the latter were not only unsuccessful, but accompanied by circumstances of extreme peril. The boundary coast of Asia appears now to have been completely traced.

Art. IV. *A New Family Bible, and Improved Version*, from corrected Texts of the Originals ; with Notes, critical and explanatory, and short Practical Reflections on each Chapter : together with a general Introduction, on the Authenticity and Inspiration of the Sacred Books ; and a complete View of the Mosaic Laws, Rites, and Customs. By the Rev. B. Boothroyd, Editor of the *Biblia Hebraica*. Vol. II. 4to. Huddersfield. (Printed for the Author.)

A TRANSLATOR of the Bible is in many respects not on an equality with a translator of a classic author. He is restrained by feelings of veneration for his originals, and of fear in regard to the interpretations that he may propose, which cannot influence the latter ; and the rules by which he must proceed, are much more restrictive, denying him the aids of which without offence the other may avail himself. In both instances, indeed, there is a common measure which the translators must alike adopt ; as there are difficulties which in the same manner affect the author of a Biblical version, and the translator of an ancient classic. The acquirement of a language which has ceased to be spoken, and the knowledge of which is to be obtained only from books, is requisite in either case ; but, as the facility of understanding the terms and comprehending the structure of a language, is in proportion to the extent of the means afforded by the compositions which have preserved it, the scanty limits of the Hebrew language render its acquisition peculiarly difficult. Its great antiquity, the rare occurrence of many of its terms, and our ignorance of many of the circumstances which gave existence and meaning to its words and idioms, have superinduced peculiar obscurities on the study of this language. The Biblical translator, in proceeding through the books of the Old Testament, becomes acquainted, only as he advances, with the magnitude of his undertaking, and with the obstructions which are to be surmounted before it can be completed. Engaged in the preparation of a work which must necessarily innovate on preceding translations, he is aware, and his difficulties are not a little increased by the circumstance, that any deviations from modes of expression sanctioned by long established usage, will excite prejudice ; and there is some danger lest this should induce a spirit of excessive timidity, and embarrass the freedom of his judgement. To substitute a proper and intelligible expression in the place of ' leasing'—a word which but few readers of the Scriptures understand,—or to remove ' Easter' from the page of Luke, who knew nothing of the term, that the correct expression ' the passover' may take its place,—would be the occasion of offence and alarm to some worthy persons : they



would regard with suspicion such alterations, though they are necessary corrections, and real and essential improvements; and would discountenance a translator who should exhibit the sacred text with such emendations. Disregard of unreasonable prejudices is, in a translator of the Scriptures, an indispensable virtue. His primary duty is, to lay before us the genuine meaning of the sacred oracles; and this duty he must fulfil, by using such words and phrases as may most perspicuously and exactly convey the sense of the originals. We commend Dr. Boothroyd to the approbation of our readers as exemplifying this virtue. He has not hesitated to denominate his work an 'Improved Version,' although he must have been aware that, in some quarters, such a title would be obnoxious; and he has never permitted an improper or an unmeaning expression to retain a place in his text, of which no better account could be given, than that it was of venerable age. In other respects too, the qualifications of the present Translator are very respectable. The numerous instances in which, since the publication of Lowth's *Isaiah*, different portions of the Scriptures have been sent abroad in new versions by Hebrew Scholars, must considerably facilitate the labours of a translator, whose services indeed, to a great extent, it would be more correct to describe as those of an editor selecting from the works of his predecessors, rather than of a translator. If, however, these aids supply advantages to the author or editor of a version in this respect, they increase his perplexities in another, and impose a task upon his judgement which he will not always be able to fulfil to his own satisfaction. And of these advantages he can avail himself safely and effectually, only as he shall be sufficiently qualified by the possession of appropriate learning and skill to appreciate the merits of those who have laboured, and into whose labours he has entered. A fastidious critic might, we doubt not, find fault with Dr. Boothroyd as a translator of the Bible; and we shall have to shew that he has not uniformly escaped errors in his version; but we are glad that the business of providing a revised edition of the Holy Scriptures from corrected texts of the original, was undertaken by so competent a person, and we congratulate him on the completion of his labours. We shall at present notice the second volume, which includes the books of the Old Testament not comprised in the first, namely from Job to Malachi inclusive, reserving to some future occasion our examination of the third volume, which comprises the books of the New Testament.

Instead of quoting a number of detached passages as specimens of the Translation before us, we shall extract the entire

chapter which contains the prayer of Habakkuk, and which our readers may compare with Newcome and the public version. We shall then prosecute our task by citing some passages which appear to us to be inadequately rendered, or which, in other respects, may be objectionable, that the Translator may have the benefit of our strictures, or our doubts, in the revisal of his labours.

### CHAPTER III.

*A review of God's ancient works done for his people ; and from hence the prophet infers that God will fulfil his promises.*

- 1 [A prayer of Habakkuk, the prophet, upon Shigionoth.]
- 2 I have heard, O Jehovah, thy speech ;  
I have feared, O Jehovah, thy work !  
As the years draw near, thou hast shewn it ;  
As the years draw near, thou makest it known ;  
In wrath thou rememberest mercy.
- 3 God came from Teman,  
And the Holy One from Mount Paran.  
His glory covered the heavens,  
And the earth was full of his praise.
- 4 And his brightness was as the light ;  
Rays streamed forth from his head :  
And there was the hiding-place of his power.
- 5 Before him marched the pestilence ;  
Birds of prey followed his foot-steps.
- 6 He stood and measured the land ;  
He beheld and dispersed the nations,  
And the everlasting mountains were broken :  
The eternal hills bowed down :  
The eternal paths were trodden by him.
- 7 The tents of Cushan thou sawest in affliction ;  
The curtains of the land of Midian trembled.
- 8 Was Jehovah enraged against the rivers ?  
Was thy wrath against the floods ?  
Was thine indignation against the sea,  
When thou didst ride upon thy horses,  
And upon thy chariots of salvation ?
- 9 Thy bow made bare was directed ;  
According to the oath to the tribes, even the promise.
- 10 Thou didst cleave the streams of the land.  
The mountains saw thee, and trembled :  
The overflowing of the water passed away :  
The deep uttered its voice,  
And lifted up its hands on high.
- 11 The sun and moon abode in the horizon,  
By their light thine arrows went abroad ;  
By their brightness, the glittering of thy spear.

- 12 Thou didst march through the land in indignation ;  
Thou didst tread down the nations in anger.
- 13 Thou wentest forth for the salvation of thy people,  
Even for the salvation of thine anointed ones ;  
Thou didst wound the chief in the house of the wicked ;  
Thou didst lay bare the foundation unto the rock. Selah.
- 14 Thou didst pierce with thy rod the heads of his villages :  
They came out as a whirlwind to scatter us :  
Their rejoicing was as to devour the poor secretly.
- 15 Thou didst march through the sea with thy horses,  
Through the heap of mighty waters.
- 16 When I heard thy speech, my bowels trembled ;  
At the sound of *thy words* my lips quivered ;  
Rottenness entered my bones, and I trembled in myself,  
Because I shall be brought to the day of trouble :  
To go up to the people who will invade us.
- 17 But although the fig-tree shall not flourish,  
And there shall be no fruit on the vines ;  
The produce of the olive shall fail,  
And the fields shall yield no food ;  
The flocks shall be cut off from the fold,  
And there shall be no herd in the stalls :
- 18 Yet will I rejoice in Jehovah,  
I will exult in the God of my salvation.
- 19 The Lord Jehovah is my strength,  
And he will make my feet like hinds' feet,  
And he will cause me to tread on my higher places.

[To the chief singer on Neginoth.]

The Book of Job, with which the second volume of this 'Improved Version' commences, is considered by Dr. Boothroyd as the most ancient composition in the Hebrew Scriptures, and is attributed by him, in common with many other writers, to Moses. We observe with pleasure, that the text of this book in the work now before us, is much more conformable to that of the Public Version, than, from the numerous readings proposed for adoption in the "*Biblia Hebraica*," we were prepared to expect. King James's Translators are entitled to great praise for the very admirable manner in which they have executed this portion of their labours, especially when we consider their limited means of performing the task. To both Schultens and Scott, but particularly the latter, the present Translator acknowledges his obligations. In this discrimination of merit, we agree with him. The real advantages conferred by the extensive and erudite labours of Schultens on this book, have been considerably over-valued. A reading is sometimes proposed by him, which is apt to strike us by its novelty, but which, when divested of this attraction, and esti-



mated by its intrinsic merits, is found to be too deficient in solidity to claim adoption. Dr. Boothroyd, we have already remarked, has in several instances exhibited readings in this part of his *Improved Version*, varying essentially from readings to which he had given the preference in the *Notes* to his edition of the Hebrew Bible; the readings which he has finally adopted, being either in agreement with the *Common Version*, or more conformable to it than those which he had formerly marked with his approbation. We shall cite some examples of the variation. On chap. xii. 6, the Editor of the "*Biblia Hebraica*" remarks, that, 'every critic is obliged to Reiske for rejecting the ו and reading אלה these things, "Of him who hath brought forth these things with his hand."' In the *Improved Version*, the reading of the C. V. is adopted: "Into whose hand God bringeth abundance." On v. 15, in the *Note* to *Bib. Heb.*, the Editor declares himself to be at a loss to determine why the expression גשׁו should be so generally rendered, as it has been, "And they dry up." In the *Improved Version*, "And they dry up," the reading of the C. V., is retained. On chap. xxxiv. 17, Schultens's reading is *frenabit*, where the C. V. reads *govern*, and the Editor of the *Bib. Heb.* prefers the former, remarking, that this verb never means 'to govern,' but 'to curb,' 'to check.' 'Shall he who hateth right become a Check.' In the *Improved Version*, we have, 'Shall he who hateth right, govern?'

Job, chap. i. v. 3.—*she-asses*. So the *Common Version*, and Dr. Boothroyd, with the translators generally. But why not *asses* without distinction of kind? Because, it may be said, the original word is of the feminine gender. Why then do they not give us *male-camels* in the preceding part of the verse, where the word for camel in the Hebrew text is masculine? The distinctive appellation was probably applied according to the kind of which, in each case, there was the greater number. Virgil's description of Galæsus, *Æn.* 7. 535, is strikingly in correspondence to this of Job.

————— justissimus unus  
Qui fuit, Ausoniisque olim ditissimus arvis:  
Quinque greges illi balantum, quina redibant  
Armenta, et terram centum vertebat aratris.

In our Number for Feb. 1816, (Vol. V. p. 140.) we proposed a new version of a passage in chap. i. v. 5, which Dr. Boothroyd has honoured us by adopting, as the reader may perceive by the following extract, which contains his translation and note.

" — it may be that my sons have sinned, though they bless God in their heart."

— As there is nothing said which establishes or even hints at the idolatry of Job's children, I consider this (Parkhurst's and Miss Smith's translation) a forced and improper version. My version arises from giving another sense to the *vaw*; a sense which it is acknowledged to have in many other places. See Noldius. Job, according to this version, admits that his sons might have been guilty of some failures in duty at such seasons; there might have been some improprieties in their conduct, for which he offered sacrifices. And what good man has not often to renew his prayers to God, on account of such things?

V. 11. 'But stretch forth thy hand now and destroy all that he hath: will he then, indeed, bless thee to thy face?' The reading of the Common Version—"touch all that he hath," is literal and proper, and is very unnecessarily deserted by Dr. Boothroyd, who has given to the verb a meaning which it never bears, and has substituted a rendering which is much less forcible in expression. In chap. ii. 5, 'and touch his bone and his flesh,' would be strangely connected, if 'touch' were exchanged for 'destroy.' On referring to Dr. Boothroyd's Bible for this passage, we were surprised to find that it is omitted. The omission must be entirely accidental and inadvertent, though, as we shall have to notice, it is not a solitary instance of a defective text in the Family Bible.

V. 13. 'Elder brother.' In v. 18, we have 'eldest brother.'

Chap. ix. 28. For the reading of the Common Version, "I am afraid of all my sorrows," Dr. Boothroyd's version exhibits, 'Then do I shudder in all my limbs; but we look in vain in the notes for any explanation of the alteration.'

## CHAPTER XII.

- 1 'Then Job answered and said,
- 2 "Truly ye are people of *knowledge*,  
And with you is the perfection of wisdom!
- 3 Yet I have understanding as well as you;  
I deem not myself inferior to you;  
For who knoweth not such things as these?
- 4 A derision to his friend am I;  
"He calleth on God, and let him answer him;"  
The just and upright man is a derision,
- 5 Contempt is prepared for calamity,  
In the thoughts of him who is at ease;  
For those who slip with their feet.
- 6 Peaceful are the tents of robbers,  
And secure are those who provoke God,  
Into whose hand God bringeth abundance.'

The rendering of the 4th and 5th verses, is adopted from Scott, and has the merit of being more intelligible than that

of the Common Version ; it is consistent too with the design of the speaker. These portions of the text are, in the original, exceedingly obscure, and the variations of the ancient versions afford no effective aid to a translator. If such corrections as these do not always fully satisfy us, they come recommended to us by their being made without any tampering with the text, either by transposition or conjectural emendation.

Chap. xiv. 22. For the reading of the Common Version, " But his flesh upon him shall have pain, and his soul within him shall mourn," Dr. Boothroyd gives

' But his flesh upon him shall be corrupted ;  
And his inward frame shall be wasted away.'

' Not only shall his flesh be corrupted in the grave, but the ' inward vital parts shall be wasted,' We question the propriety of this translation of a very perplexing passage. Does נפש when placed correlatively with בשר ever mean the inward vital parts of the human body ?

Chapter xv. 34. ' For the assembly of the impious shall be solitary,' B. We notice this deviation from the Common Version, for the sake of remarking on the variety of expression which Dr. Boothroyd has used in translating the Hebrew חתך. ' Impious,' is its representative in chap. xx. 5. xxvii. 8. In chap. xxxiv. 30. ' profligate man ' is the reading of the Family Bible ; while in chap. xxxvi. 13 we have ' depraved in heart.' But in chap. viii. 13, and in chap. xiii. 16, the rendering of the Common Version, ' hypocrite,' is retained.

Chap. xix. 20. ' My bones cleave through my skin and my flesh.' Dr. Boothroyd remarks, that the sense given to כ, *through*, seems necessary. This remark is altogether superfluous, the verb being frequently construed with that preposition, but it never takes the sense which is here attributed to it. It never means, when followed by כ, to cleave through, but invariably signifies to cleave to, to press upon, to adhere to. In Ps. cii. 5, Dr. Boothroyd translates the same expression, ' My bones cleave to my skin.' Verses 25 to 27 of this chapter are rendered in accordance with the reading of the Common Version as follows ; and in the notes, which are somewhat copious, the application of them to a future life and Resurrection is vindicated.

- 25 ' For I know that my Redeemer liveth,  
And shall at last stand upon the earth.
- 26 If after my skin this body be destroyed,  
Yet in my flesh shall I see God ;
- 27 Whom I shall see on my side,  
And mine eyes, and not another's shall behold ;  
Accomplished shall be the desires of my breast.'



Chap. xxxvi. 32, 33. 'With clouds he covereth the light, and commandeth it *not to shine*, by the cloud that cometh between. The noise thereof sheweth concerning it, the cattle also concerning the vapour.' C. V.

32 'The lightning covereth the whole skies,  
But he chargeth it as to whom it may strike.

33 He announceth to it who is his friend;  
But it possesseth wrath against the impious.' Boothroyd.

These versions are very unlike each other, and could scarcely be supposed to represent the same original. The text of the Public Version is remarkably obscure. Dr. Boothroyd's reading is intelligible, and contains no meaning unsuitable to the connexion of the passage; we cannot, however, perceive how it has been obtained from the Hebrew Text.

We proceed to the Book of Psalms, that treasury of religious instruction and consolation, of exalted sentiments and noble diction, to which the literature of antiquity can exhibit nothing equal, and which, by its superiority to all the productions of heathen literature displays the evidence of an origin of which they cannot boast. In this portion of his labours, Dr. Boothroyd has had the assistance of Ainsworth, Green, Geddes, Street, and several others.

The following is Dr. Boothroyd's Version of the first Psalm.

- 1 'Happy the man,  
Who walketh not after the counsel of the wicked,  
Nor treadeth in the way of sinners,  
Nor sitteth in the company of scoffers;
- 2 But whose delight is in the law of Jehovah;  
And who on his law meditateth day and night.
- 3 Truly he is like a tree planted by water streams,  
That yieldeth its fruit in its proper season,  
And whose foliage never fadeth:  
Thus, whatsoever he doeth, prospereth.
- 4 Not so are the wicked,  
But are like chaff which the wind driveth away!
- 5 Hence the wicked shall not stand in judgment,  
Nor sinners in the assembly of the just.
- 6 For Jehovah approveth the way of the just;  
But the way of the wicked is destructive.'

This is not a faultless translation. We object, in the first place, to the rendering '*treadeth*,' which is a meaning altogether foreign from the import of the original, though it has the sanction of Geddes in its favour. עָמַד invariably means 'to stand,' in the various senses in which *standing* may be predicated of the subject to which it is applied; but it never

denotes '*to tread*,' which is as unsuitable an expression to be its representative as would be *to fly*, or *to run*. Secondly, we differ from Dr. Boothroyd when he conceives that in this line we have the same sentiment as in the preceding. To the sense of a passage in the third verse, which we shall presently consider, he objects, that it makes the author guilty of an unmeaning tautology, and thus furnishes us with an argument against the reception of his own rendering in the example before us. The perspicuity and beauty of this Psalm are preserved by taking the words in their strict import; they are both lost in Dr. Boothroyd's version. In describing the felicity of the pious man by negative circumstances, the author of the Psalm has marked the progressive stages of impiety. The fourth line is certainly not coincident with the third: as little as this in agreement with the second, *To walk in the counsel* of the wicked is, to adopt their maxims, and to follow their instructions; (2 Chron. xxii. 4, 5.) *to stand in the way* with sinners, denotes fellowship and familiarity with them; and *to sit in the assembly* of scoffers, is, to attain the last degree of impiety. We shall now examine the passage, in the third verse, to which we have already adverted; and as we are inclined to regard the sense of it which the present Translator has rejected, as the true one, we shall assign the reasons which induce us to give it the preference. The pious and the irreligious are contrasted in the third and following verses; and the emblems by which they are represented, are introduced by the copulatives of likeness: the righteous (v. 3.) is like a tree, &c.; the wicked (v. 4.) are not so. We should therefore consider the entire passage intervening between the particles of comparison as describing the emblem, and not the subject illustrated by it; particularly as there is no parallelism in the fourth verse corresponding to the concluding line in the third as given by Dr. Boothroyd, after the Common Version. Dr. B.'s translation contains a double comparison, and is thus tautological:—"Truly he is like"—"Thus, whatsoever he doeth, prospereth." The first and second lines of verse third, compare the pious to a tree planted by water-streams, and yielding its fruit at the proper season. But, though a tree may bear fruit at the proper season, the fruit may be blighted, and the verdure of the tree may perish; the author of the Psalm, therefore, proceeds, and finishes the picture;—the foliage shall not fade, the fruit shall be mature. 'Withered foliage,' and 'blighted fruit,' are expressions which occur in Isaiah xxxiv. 4, in Dr. B.'s version.

• PSALM II.

' 1 Why are the nations tumultuous,  
And why do the peoples rage in vain?'

In the note to this passage, *to rage* is assigned as the radical sense of the verb *הנה*; a meaning which we venture to question:—to rage is never, we believe, included in any of its applications. Dr. Boothroyd has again followed Geddes, and is again in error. The second of these lines is thus made identical in meaning with the first. But nothing can be more evident than the difference which the original exhibits between them. *הנה* expresses the tumultuous assembling of the people; *הנה* the suggesting among themselves of the purpose for which they were associated. The Common Version is sufficiently correct, and should not be deserted, unless the marginal reading be followed; '*imagine a vain thing,*' or '*meditate a vain thing.*'

‘ PSALM IV.

- 6 Many were saying, “Who will shew kindness to us?”  
Lift up, Jehovah, the light of thy countenance upon us.  
7 Thou hast given gladness to my heart,  
Since their corn and wine have increased.’

The first of these lines, Dr. Boothroyd considers as the language of David's friends expressing their fears; and the seventh verse he refers to the supplies furnished by Barzillai and others of his adherents. So Geddes explains the passage.

In the lines prefixed to Psalm XIV. as a summary of its contents, there is a singular inconsistency of statement.

‘David describes the depravity of men. The Psalm was probably composed on the rebellion of Absalom, when David was first called to the court of Saul, where he beheld nothing but impiety and profligacy.’

In this sentence, remote circumstances are strangely connected. The rebellion of Absalom occurred long after the death of Saul, and the transfer of the kingdom to David.

‘ PSALM XXXVI.

- 1 The oracle of transgression to the wicked  
Is within, even his own heart;  
There is no fear of God before his eyes:  
2 Yea, in his own eyes he flattereth himself,  
Instead of finding out his iniquity to detest it.’

The Hebrew text of these verses has perplexed every translator; and the real difficulties which they present to a critical reader, may be apprehended from the varied interpretation which is found in the several versions of this Psalm. ‘Rebellion dictates to the wicked man;’ so Green. ‘Rebellion



'lodgeth in the heart of the wicked;' Geddes. 'The sinner saith with impiety within his heart;' Street. The Common Version is certainly obscure. We doubt the propriety of rendering עֵשֶׂה by 'oracle.' The reading of the Common Version in v. 2. is not 'lest,' as Dr. B. in his note supposes, but 'until.'

We cannot approve of the liberty which the present Translator has taken with parts of Psalm XXXVII. We shall transcribe the verses in question, together with the notes which belong to them.

- '21 Surely the wicked shall be destroyed!  
The enemies of Jehovah, like the fat of rams,
- 22 Shall be consumed—as smoke they shall vanish;  
And their seed shall beg their bread.
- '27 I have been young, but now am old;  
Yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken.
- 28 He is daily merciful and lendeth;  
And bringeth on his seed a blessing.

'21, 22. I have followed the text, only reading with the versions כעשן *as smoke*, instead of *in* or *into* smoke. There are two comparisons, but one connected with the other: "They shall be consumed as the fat, the choicest part of rams; and as the smoke arising from the altar they shall vanish." With Dimock I have transposed the redundant line of the 25th verse here, as necessary, where it is more appropriate, than in the place it now occupies in the common version. As it there stands; it has created almost insuperable difficulties to commentators. In this connexion it represents a simple fact, that when God punishes the wicked, and deprives them of what they had unjustly acquired or sinfully abused, their offspring are thereby left in poverty and misery. Compare Job xx.'

'27. *The righteous forsaken.* Ainsworth says nothing on this verse. He perhaps knew not what to make of the last line of the present text. "And his seed begging bread." For it is contrary to fact that the seed of good men are never reduced to poverty and under the necessity of begging. Eli was a good man, but his seed were wicked, and they were reduced to beg their bread; 1 Sam. ii. 36. The line as transposed and connected with the punishment of the wicked, has no difficulties. The righteous themselves shall never be forsaken of the God whom they love and serve. Compare 2 Cor. iv. 9.'

In these notes, there appears to us to be nothing in the shape of a solid reason for the transposition in question, while the consideration of the evil to which the practice of thus violently disordering the text would lead, furnishes a very sufficient argument against such disruptions. If difficulties ever so great exist in the text, it were better that they should re-

main, than that such means of removing them should be adopted. We are speaking of difficulties which are evidently real ones, and of arbitrary transpositions like the one before us. Against the new connexion of the latter part of the 27th verse, we have, however, to object, that the relation is not a grammatical one. The passage is, as part of the 27th verse, in accordance with the terms to which it is then referred; but it is altogether irregular as concluding verse 22d:—‘his seed,’ זרע, a noun with a singular pronominal suffix, is referred to plural nouns, and a participle ‘begging,’ מבקש, is transformed into the future of a verb. On the other hand, in verse 27, זרע ‘his seed’ is directly related to צדיק a noun singular, the regular antecedent, and מבקש harmonises with the preceding participle נעזב. ‘*And their seed shall beg their bread,*’ is certainly not a translation of the words; but ‘*And his seed begging bread,*’ is a perfectly correct rendering. Dr. Boothroyd has not diminished the difficulties of the text by his remark, that ‘it is contrary to fact, that the seed of good men are never reduced to poverty, and under the necessity of begging.’ This, however, is more than the text asserts; it records only the observation which the personal knowledge of the writer of the psalm had enabled him to deliver; and it must be remembered, that it refers to times and persons less distantly related to an economy of temporal sanctions than our own. The case of Eli does not, in our judgement, furnish any powerful objection against the application of this part of the text.

Psalm XLIX. 14, is another of those passages which in the original are perplexingly obscure, and on which we find great diversity of reading among critics and commentators. Dr. Boothroyd gives the following version as the result of much time and reading.

- ‘14 They also, like sheep, are placed in hades:  
 Death is their shepherd;  
 And the upright, in the time of judgment,  
 Shall have dominion over them,  
 When their frames, wasted in hades,  
 Shall come forth from their habitation.’

This, we fear, will be classed with the many unsatisfactory translations which have been given of this verse. Because it was the custom to hold courts of justice in the morning, Dr. Boothroyd, instead of *morning*, gives ‘time of judgement.’ But this is manifestly an improper liberty taken with the text, which in other respects savours more of paraphrase than of translation. The noun rendered *frames*, is singular, and so is the final pronoun of the verse, both of which Dr. Boothroyd

has rendered in the plural, as he has also gratuitously supplied the words in Italics. Is 'When their frames, wasted in 'hades, shall come forth,' an intelligible form of expression?

Ecclesiastes, Chap. xi. 1, 'Sow thy bread-corn before the 'rains come.' This, we pronounce without hesitation to be an inadmissible version. The Common Version is correct, "Cast thy bread upon the waters." The words, though Dr. Boothroyd has stated that they will bear the turn given, can have no such meaning: the face, 'the surface of the waters,' is the only sense of which they admit, and the allusion, probably, is to the mode of sowing rice in inundated savannahs.

In the prophetical parts of the Old Testament, Dr. Boothroyd has largely availed himself of the labours of his predecessors in Biblical translation, Lowth, Blaney, Newcome, and others, whose several versions he has generally followed. Not, however, without judging for himself of the propriety of their rendering, which he sometimes deserts and occasionally censures. In many instances, his sentences present an improved verbal arrangement, and his phraseology will, we apprehend, be considered as reflecting credit upon his perception and judgement.

Isaiah i. 12. Dr. Boothroyd follows Lowth in reading, 'Tread my courts no more; bring no more a vain oblation;' a reading which cannot be made out either from the Hebrew text, or from the Septuagint, which they professedly adopt. The Common Version is unobjectionable.

v. 20. Here we meet with another omission, the words 'For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it,' being left out.

v. 25. 'And with potash I will smelt away thy dross,' B.

Chap. ii. 22. 'Trust no more in man,

Whose breath is in his nostrils;

For of what account is he to be made?

This verse is retained by Lowth, but is rejected by Dodson: the present Translator has included it in brackets, as of doubtful authority. To us, the authority is not doubtful, nor is any reason sufficiently strong assigned by Dr. Boothroyd in his note to the passage for its removal. Its being wanting in the Septuagint and Arabic Versions, is not sufficient to warrant its exclusion. We are not of the Translator's opinion, that 'it does not seem to have any connexion with the subject; but 'rather to interrupt the narrative.' An exhortation to cease from human trust, does appear to us to have at least some connexion with a passage, which describes the removal, by Divine judgements, of the mighty man and the man of war; the judge, and the prophet, and the sage, &c., and no other measure is



necessary to give the passage the utmost force of propriety, than to read it as the commencement of the third Chapter.

Chap. vii. 7, 8. Dr. Boothroyd agrees with Dodson in adopting the arrangement suggested by Dr. Jubb. See Lowth's Note.

Chap. ix. 5. This verse is, in the present Version, connected with the preceding, and is referred 'to what occurred when the Midianites were destroyed.' The rendering of Lowth is adopted in the succeeding verse; only, 'Father of the everlasting age,' is exchanged for 'Father of the future age.'

Chap. xxiv. 4. Here we notice another omission: the final clause, 'The lofty people of the land do languish,' is left out.

Chap. xxvii. 1. 'Leviathan the flying serpent.' Is this a proper epithet? In Job xxvi. 13, Dr. Boothroyd has given 'shooting serpent.'

Chap. lii. 1. Dr. Boothroyd deserts the Common Version and Lowth, in reading 'put on thy glorious attire,' where they render 'put on thy strength.' It is indisputably incorrect to translate *ἰσχυρ*, which means *strength*, by 'glorious attire.' This may be quite proper to appear in the notes of an Expositor, as an interpretation of the sense of the passage, but it is inadmissible in a version.

Chap. lxiv. 4. 'Behold thou art wroth, for we have sinned: in those is continuance, and we shall be saved.' Lowth has pronounced this text to be utterly unintelligible, and remarks on this translation of the Common Version, that 'such forced interpretations are equally conjectural with the boldest critical emendations.' In this judgement there is certainly truth; but, if such interpretations are not to be allowed, neither, we should think, are the boldest critical emendations to be admitted into the sacred text. The reading which Lowth proposes, and in conformity to which he has formed his version of the passage, though ingenious and even plausible, is not wanting in boldness; but we should prefer adhering to the Original text, whatever be its state, to the adoption of such conjectures. Dr. Boothroyd follows Lowth, partially, in constructing the text of his version, which is as follows:

'Lo! thou art angry; for we have sinned;  
Because of our deeds; and can we be saved?'

Jeremiah, Chap. i. 10. 'To root up and to pull down; to build and to plant.' Boothroyd.

'To root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant.' C. V.

The words of the Common Version, omitted by Dr. Boothroyd, are struck out as being a supposed gloss on the prece-

ding, and as wholly synonymous; and because the antithesis justifies the omission. In this omission, the present Translator follows Houbigant,—improperly, we think, because conjecture is not authority. The reasons which Dr. B. assigns from the synonymous and antithetical character of the passage, he himself has set aside by his version of Chap. xviii. 7-9, 'plucking up, casting down, and destroying—building up and planting;' and of Chap. xxxi. 28, 'To pluck up, and to pull down, and to overthrow, and to destroy—To rebuild, and to replant.'

Chap. ii. 33. 'Thou hast taught the wicked ones thy ways.' C. V. 'Thou hast taught thy neighbours.' Boothroyd. 'Therefore have I also taught calamities.' Blaney.

Chap. iii. 17. This verse presents another instance of those omissions which we have already noticed: the words, 'neither shall they walk any more according to the imagination of their evil heart,' do not appear, though they are an integral part of the text.

Chap. iv. 13. 'Star-chariots.' Boothroyd. No reason is given for this novel reading, and we are entirely unable to conjecture on what ground it has been inserted.

Chap. vi. 27. 'I have set thee for a tower, *and* a fortress among my people: that thou mayest know and try their way.' C. V.

'I have set thee a prover, a tryer of my people,  
That thou mayest know when thou hast proved their way.'

Boothroyd.

'I have appointed thee to make an assay among  
my people as to the gold thereof;  
Thou shalt know, when thou shalt have proved,  
their way.' Blaney.

Chap. x. 24. 'Correct me, O Jehovah, but with moderation.' Boothroyd, after Blaney. A reading much preferable to that of the Common Version, which, as we have known it to be, may easily be misapplied.

Chap. xii. 9. The Common Version reads, 'Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird.—Blaney has, 'As the ravenous bird Tseboa hath my heritage been to me.' Dr. Boothroyd's Version reads differently from both: 'The hyena hath digged up my heritage for me.'

Chap. xv. 18. —'wilt thou be altogether as a liar, and as waters that fail?' C. V. 'Wilt thou be altogether unto me as the lying of waters that are not sure.' Blaney. 'Wilt thou be to me as a failing spring? as waters which are never sure?' Boothroyd.

Chap. xvii. 18. The last two members of this verse do not



appear in the present Translation; another instance of the inattention which we have had too many occasions of remarking in our progress through these pages.

Chap. xx. 7. Dr. Boothroyd adopts the sense of the marginal reading of the C. V.—‘enticed.’

‘Thou didst allure me, Jehovah, and I was allured:

Thou didst encourage me and didst prevail.’

Chap. xxiii. 6. Dr. Boothroyd varies from Blaney, and agrees with the Common Version, in reading, ‘And this is his name whereby he shall be called, “JEHOVAH OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.”’ So in Chap. xxxiii. 16.

Chap. xxxi. 22. In the *Biblia Hebraica*, Dr. Boothroyd questions the correctness of Blaney’s Version, which he now adopts,—

‘For Jehovah createth a new thing in the earth,

A woman shall put to flight the mighty man.’

Ezek. xi. 16. ‘Yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary, in the countries where they shall come.’ C. V. ‘Yet will I be to them for a little while a sanctuary, in the countries whither they are to come.’ Boothroyd.

Chap. xx. 25. ‘Wherefore I gave them also statutes that were not good, and judgements whereby they should not live.’ C. V. ‘Wherefore I gave them up also to observe statutes that were not good, and judgements whereby they could not live.’ Boothroyd. The text he considers as elliptical, and thinks that *לשם*, or some synonymous verb, should be supplied. But, were this ellipsis filled up in the proposed manner, the sense which the Translator has given, could not be obtained from such construction of the original; the only proper rendering of the passage would then be, ‘Wherefore I also gave to them statutes to observe that were not good.’

‘Hosea xii. 12. ‘But Judah as yet ruleth with God, And the people of the Most Holy One are faithful.’

‘12. *As yet ruleth with, &c.* Maintained the laws of God and adhered to his worship professedly; and were in comparison of Israel a faithful people. I have given the version of these ambiguous lines, which seems most suitable to the context and the obvious sense of the words. I consider the second line parallel with the first, and, with the Septuagint, Arabic, and many moderns, consider *עם* not as a preposition, but a noun, and take *קרישם* as it is rendered, Prov. ix. 10.; xxx. 3. Newcome joins Judah with the preceding line, “And the house of Israel and Judah with deceit; But hereafter they shall come down a people of God, Even a faithful people of saints.” The construction does not favour this version.’

In the *Biblia Hebraica*, note *in loc.* Judah is said to be properly construed as belonging to the preceding line. On



turning to Prov. ix. 10., xxx. 3., we find קדושים rendered by Dr. Boothroyd very differently from the translation given of the term in the text of Hosea. In both instances, the expression is not, Most Holy One, but ' holy things.'

It might be exacting from a Translator more than is necessary, to require undeviating uniformity of expression in his version, when the original terms and combination of words are the same. The Common Version is not remarkable for the constancy of its readings in such cases ; and where the sense of the phrase is correctly and perspicuously conveyed, it may not be of moment that it is presented to us, in one connexion, in a verbal dress somewhat varying from that which is given to it in another. But the case is different, when a translator is professedly guided in his preference of certain words and phrases by reasons which he regards as weighty, and for which he would take credit with his readers. In those examples of identical or similar verbal expression in his original, in respect to which a translator adopts one mode of rendering, rather than another, for reasons that appear to him important, uniformity of expression should be preserved. We shall illustrate these remarks by reference to Dr. Boothroyd's Biblical labours in the work before us, from which we take the following examples. In some passages, we have apple of the eye ; (Ps. xvii. 8. Zech. ii. 12,) but, in Lam. ii. 18, the same phrase is rendered daughter of the eye, where it is explained, (improperly, we think,) as meaning tears. *Harlotries* is a euphemism which the Translator has substituted for the corresponding word used in the Common Version ; but in Jeremiah, Chap. xiii. 27, the reading of the latter is retained. In Lament. i. 8, we read ' Jerusalem hath sinned greatly, therefore is she removed ;'—in verse 17, ' Jerusalem is become as one set apart for uncleanness.' In Jeremiah viii. 11, we find, ' the wound of the daughter of my people ;' in verse 22, ' the health of my people.' ' The oracle concerning Babylon which was revealed to Isaiah : ' Isa. xiii. 1 ; but in Hab. i. 1, it is, ' The prophecy which Habakkuk the prophet did see.' ' The oracle concerning Tyre,' Isa. xxiii. 1. ' The prophecy concerning Nineveh,' Nahum i. 1. We find one word translated four several ways ; viz. ' sea-monster,' Job xxx. 29 ; ' serpent,' Psalm xliv. 19 ; ' dragon,' Isa. xliii. 20 ; and ' jackal,' Micah i. 8. In Isa. li. 9, we find crocodile inserted in the text ; in Ezek. xxix. 3, the common reading ' dragon ' is retained, and is explained in a note as denoting the crocodile. In Psalm lxxviii. 57. ' They turned back like a bow unstrung,' is the reading of Dr. Boothroyd's text ; and in the note he remarks, that ' it is difficult to form any notion of deceit as applied to a bow. Some

‘explain a *warping bow* which shooteth awry, and so deceiveth ;  
 ‘but what is meant by this, I do not understand.’ In Hosea  
 vii. 16, occurs the reading which is thus pronounced to be un-  
 intelligible, ‘They have been like a deceitful bow.’ In La-  
 ment ii. 2, we have ‘swallowed ;’ in verse 5, ‘swallowed up.’

The filling up of passages really defective or assumed to be  
 so, by supplementary expressions, has probably been the  
 means of introducing not a few errors into the text of ancient  
 authors. An editor or translator, therefore, should be ex-  
 tremely cautious in venturing to complete any portion of the  
 sacred text by the addition of words which he may imagine to  
 be wanting : in many cases, it will be most adviseable to leave  
 the ellipsis to be supplied by the reader. In Dr. Boothroyd’s  
 version, we have observed passages furnished with supplemen-  
 tary *Italics*, which could have occasioned no difficulty to a  
 common reader, and where, therefore, they were not wanted ;  
 and in others, the insertion of these auxiliary expressions has  
 perhaps given a meaning which was not intended to be con-  
 veyed. Such examples as the following may be cited as very  
 questionable modes of translation.

‘Psalm lxxvi. 5. The stout-hearted have been spoiled:  
 They now sleep their sleep :  
 Nor did any of those men of might  
 Find their hands *sufficient to save them*.

‘Psalm lxxxiv. 3. Yea, as the sparrow findeth a house,  
 And the swallow a nest for herself,  
 Where she may lay her young,  
 So I seek thine altars, Jehovah, God of hosts,  
 My king and my God.’

The *Italics* of the following passages are totally unnecessary.

‘Psalm cxxvi. 5. They who sow with tears,  
 Shall, *at last*, reap with joy.’

We have already noticed passages in which the maturer  
 judgement of the Translator has decided in favour of the read-  
 ing of the Authorised Version. The credit of that Version,  
 indeed, will suffer much less on being compared with the  
 present translation, than an inexperienced reviser of the sacred  
 text might imagine : to the beauty and excellence of its dic-  
 tion, ample homage is paid. Still, however, the Public Version  
 has numerous errors which require correction, and many  
 blemishes which ought to be removed from its text. The work  
 before us will shew to what extent emendations of the Common  
 Version by a modern translator may be admitted. For the  
 first time, the multifarious accumulations of criticism applied



to the improvement of the English Bible are brought together. We have had numerous versions of detached books of the Scriptures by different Authors, but this is the only edition of the Bible in the English language, which includes improved versions of all the Books; and, as Dr. Boothroyd has largely drawn on the works of his predecessors, it may be considered as combining the results of the labours of all preceding translators. Its value may be estimated by this circumstance. With the substance of its contents, every Christian teacher at least should be acquainted; for it never can reflect credit upon one who has voluntarily undertaken to be an expositor of the Scriptures, that he is incompetent to discuss the question of the integrity of its text. But, unless he be amply furnished with critical editions of the Bible, (which, we believe, are not always to be found in the libraries of divines,) Dr. Boothroyd's volumes may be recommended to him as almost indispensable. Their Author has become entitled by his labours to the gratitude of many; and we trust that he will meet with such remuneration as shall at least be a token of public approbation. Before we lay down the pen, we must, however, remark, that less time appears to have been employed on the work, than its magnitude and importance demanded. The marks of haste which we have detected in the present volume, confirm us in the opinion, that the faults of this Improved Version would have been fewer if it had been less hastily despatched.

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Art. V. *An Account of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Fever lately Epidemical in Ireland, together with Communications from Physicians in the Provinces, and various Official Documents.* By F. Barker, M.D. and J. Cheyne, M.D. F.R.S. Ed. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1821.

2. *An Historic Sketch of the Causes, Progress, Extent, and Mortality of the Contagious Fever Epidemic in Ireland, during the Years 1817, 1818, and 1819; with numerous Tables, Official Documents, and Private Communications, &c.* By W. Harty, M.B. 1 vol. 8vo. Dublin. 1820.

**T**HE history of Epidemics is a subject of deep and interesting inquiry to every one who feels an enlightened and benevolent interest in the happiness of mankind. The terror and dismay which the appearance of an Epidemic spreads over the whole community, the acknowledged obscurity of the origin of such diseases, the fearful extent of suffering and calamity which attends their progress, the wretchedness and desolation which they bring into the families of the poor, and the over-



whelming extent of physical and moral suffering which they occasion, all contribute to give subjects of this nature a very powerful interest. In the earlier ages of the world, Epidemics appear to have been regarded as direct manifestations of Divine vengeance or displeasure; and under these feelings, it ought not to surprise us, that no attempts were made to investigate their causes, or to connect them with the physical circumstances of social life. Of the existence of some connexion of this kind, no doubt can now be entertained. It was natural, perhaps, that, during the long period of more than midnight darkness, both moral and intellectual, which preceded the blessed light of Christian Revelation, the appearance of Epidemic diseases should produce no other feelings than those of overwhelming terror and dismay; and that the human mind should direct its views to the means of averting the calamity, by the rites of superstition, rather than endeavour, by the exercise of calm observation and correct reasoning, to determine by what causes, and under what circumstances they had been produced. The most superficial acquaintance with the state of the human mind during the early ages of the world, would prove the utter impossibility of any attempts of this kind being successfully made at that period. And we find that, down to a comparatively recent period, they are adverted to by those writers who recognized the existence of a Providential agency, as events having very little connexion with the ordinary occurrences of nature. If any thing beyond this was hazarded, it was more in the way of conjecture, than of legitimate inquiry. Our illustrious countryman Sydenham, for example,—a man who cannot be named without feelings of veneration,—satisfied himself with referring them to the influence of an atmosphere rendered pestilential by being loaded with mineral exhalations issuing from the bowels of the earth; and notwithstanding the perspicuity of his mind, and his fidelity as an observer of nature, he did not attempt the solution of a problem which appeared to him to be involved in impenetrable obscurity. It appears obvious, in fact, that no successful investigation of this subject could be attempted, until some important subdivisions of physical science had attained to a considerable degree of advancement. It was necessary, for instance, that the constitution of the atmosphere should be known, before it could be determined, whether the aeriform fluid on which all animal existence immediately depends, might not, by some unknown source of contamination, become itself the prolific source of this destructive agency. The progress of science has consequently reduced the question within the limits of more practicable investigation and inquiry; and it would

appear to be surrounded no longer by any very formidable difficulties, to ascertain by what links these appalling visitations of human suffering are connected with the great occurrences which from time to time are observed to take place in the physical and moral world. In this way, truths, of the utmost importance to the happiness of man, may be rendered obvious; and the records of past suffering may be made instrumental to the security and happiness of future generations. It is however evident, that no great progress can be made in an inquiry of this kind, until the spirit of an enlightened and comprehensive observation shall have determined and recorded the peculiar circumstances under which Epidemic periods occur. The various and ever changing circumstances of social and domestic life; the influence of those moral causes by which the happiness of millions is so deeply affected; and the physical circumstances connected with, and arising from peculiarities of season; ought all to be known with considerable precision, before we can attempt to estimate the relative influence of each in the production of these calamitous periods. The works the titles of which we have prefixed to the present Article, are valuable documents of this kind, evidently drawn up with great care and accuracy; they present the results of a very extensive correspondence with a large proportion of the Physicians practising in the different districts in Ireland, and many of them connected with Public Hospitals, or with Institutions appropriated to the reception of persons afflicted with fever. They embrace, therefore, a wide sphere of inquiry; and record the impartial results of observation, conducted by men of accomplished education, of enlightened experience, of enlarged views, and mature habits of philosophical investigation. We do not think that any Epidemic was ever before observed by so large a body of competent medical observers; and the public, not less than the profession, have reason to rejoice that their labours will form so important an accession to our medical literature.

Although the influence of the various circumstances connected with the recent Epidemic period, were certainly experienced to a great extent in many parts of Europe, and in no inconsiderable degree in the British Islands; yet, it may be confidently asserted, that they were no where felt with more unmitigated severity than in Ireland. There is no portion of Europe in which Epidemic fever has prevailed more frequently, or has had a wider diffusion; and on the present occasion, its causes, whether necessary or concurrent, and its progressive diffusion, extensive prevalence, and characteristic features, were no where more strikingly displayed, nor ob-



served with greater fidelity. The history of the Epidemic as it occurred in Ireland, is consequently *à fortiori* to be received as applicable to the British Islands; and probably, to a considerable degree of the European Continent, where it is certain that fever prevailed to a great extent, for some time after the termination of the late war. It is, indeed, impossible to segregate this event, of which the influence was so powerfully felt through the nations of Europe, from the painful details of suffering and wretchedness which succeeded it, and which might appear to render it doubtful to a superficial observer whether even peace itself was on this occasion a blessing. Strongly, however, as we deprecate war, as one of the greatest of all calamities, and as an embodied epitome of all the moral evils which can be poured out on human society, yet, more ought not to be attributed to it, than falls to its due proportion of evil. Certainly, its termination aggravated greatly the baneful influence of other circumstances, which it had not the most remote share in producing. The effect of unfavourable seasons must be felt whenever they occur, and the more severely in proportion to the indigence of the country in which they happen, and the absence of circumstances by which they may be in some measure counteracted. It was the peculiar character of this period, that several circumstances, having a most extensive influence on the public prosperity, were coincident;—the termination of a war of unexampled duration and extent; ungenial seasons; and changes connected with these, which produced unexampled moral depression through all ranks of Society.

It is obvious, that the events which we have enumerated, were of so general a nature, that their influence would be felt over the whole of the United Kingdoms. The winter of 1814 was a season of unusual severity over the whole Kingdom. The frost began in London with a fog of very uncommon density, extent, and duration, which continued without diminution for six days. It appears to have been equally severe and extensive in Dublin, and was followed by a fall of snow more severe than had been ever known before, and by a frost extraordinary in intensity and duration. Epidemic fevers have frequently been observed to succeed seasons of unusual severity. It is remarked by Sydenham, that the Plague of 1666, followed the extraordinary winter of 1665. The Epidemic fever of 1684, succeeded the winter of 1683, when, we are informed by Sydenham, the Thames was frozen over, as it was in the winter of 1814. The great Epidemic of 1740, 41, was preceded by a winter of unusual severity; as that of 1800 followed the extraordinary winter of 1799. The inference then, that the



occurrence of Epidemic fever, has a certain degree of dependence on winters of unusual severity, rests on numerous facts of unquestionable authenticity. It is probable, that this connexion is established by the obvious effect which winters of great and unusual coldness must have in producing a failure in the crops of the following year, the refrigerating effect of the cold having a very injurious influence on the soil and atmosphere of the following season. For it has been determined by very accurate observation, that the cold of a season of very low temperature penetrates the earth to the depth of many feet; a diminution of temperature, the effect of which must remain for a long time. The winters of 1814, 15 and 1815, 16, were both severe. The temperature in the early part of the year 1816, was below  $0^{\circ}$  in many parts of England. It appears from the meteorological registers kept in Dublin, that the average temperature of the season from February to October, was in 1816,  $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  below the average range of the same months in the year preceding. The results of observations made in other countries, corresponded to those made in the British Islands: it was the case in France, Italy, and America; and it is probable, that the temperature of the whole Northern Hemisphere was, in that season, several degrees below its average range. The quantity of rain, too, that fell in 1816, from July to October, was excessive, and the humidity during the whole of the season of harvest was excessively great. The effects of this unusual degree of cold, humidity, and cloudiness, were very injurious on the productions of the soil as well in England as in Ireland. In some situations, corn remained unreaped in the latter part of October and November, and much was wholly lost. Great part of that which was preserved, had germinated in the husk, as happens in seasons of great humidity. Much of the wheat had undergone this change, and the whole was injured in a greater or less degree. Flour made from wheat injured in this manner, does not produce wholesome bread; the evolution of sugar during the process of germination injures its nutritious quality, and it undergoes the pannary fermentation, in a very imperfect manner. The nutritious quality not only of the wheat, but of other descriptions of grain, was greatly injured, and it was found very difficult during that season, to keep horses in good condition. It was not from the productions of the soil alone, that the poor were destined to suffer; the wetness of the season rendered it impossible for them to obtain an adequate supply of fuel, in consequence of its being impracticable to cut and dry the peat, which is their only fuel. Hence their cabins, which are at all times proverbially wretched and destitute, became

unwholesome from humidity; their clothing was not unfrequently wet; and their bedding, commonly straw, which they had not the means of replacing as it decayed, retained the humidity which it had once absorbed. The condition of the labouring class was not much improved by the state of the succeeding season; for the summer and autumn of 1817 were also cold, humid, and ungenial; and agricultural produce, with the exception of potatoes, was generally deficient.

It will be evident, that such a state of things must have fallen with peculiar severity on that part of the population which depended for the support of themselves and their families, on their own personal exertion. It is, however, extremely gratifying to reflect, that, in the present improved state of all the arts and economic arrangements which minister to the comfort and convenience of civil society, the privations incident even to such seasons as these, do not necessarily give occasion to the degree of suffering and disease which arose on the present occasion. The political events which arose out of the French Revolution, had given rise to a war unexampled in extent and duration, in which England had sustained her share with an energy proportioned to the wonderful extent of her resources, and to the fortitude of her national character, and which was brought to its termination about this period. The peculiar circumstances which resulted from that extraordinary contest, and the influence which its duration had in modifying, in so remarkable a degree, nearly all the relations of society, occasioned the return of peace to bring in its train a series of numberless calamities. Among them, the evils inflicted on agriculture were in the highest degree distressing. Tenants became incapable of paying their rents; farmers could no longer give employment to the same number of labourers as they had formerly required; wages fell so low (we speak of Ireland) as sixpence, and even fourpence a day, without food, while provisions of all kinds were exorbitantly high; and that kind more especially used by the peasantry, did not supply its average degree of nutriment. Despondency consequently became universal; it reached even the higher classes; it was deeply felt through all the gradations of society, but fell with the most dreadful severity on the poor and the unprotected, who found themselves involved in the disastrous consequences of events over which they had no control, and in the production of which they had been in no degree instrumental. Accustomed as they were to personal misery, and familiar with all the ordinary forms of domestic wretchedness, they were appalled at the prospect of famine; and it is certain,



that if the liberality of the government, and the humanity of the middle and higher classes of the community, had not interposed, they must have experienced the extremity of human suffering.

The causes to which we have thus briefly adverted, had an extremely disastrous influence on the whole population of the United Kingdoms; but that influence was modified by the circumstances of each particular country. The prevalence of fever as an epidemic, was great in England; in Scotland, its influence was still more extensive and distressing; but, from the condition of the labouring classes being in ordinary times one of great comparative comfort, it was by no means in its severest degree. We may form some idea of its influence in Ireland from the following extract.

‘The failure of the crops in 1816, was not much felt till the spring of the following year; but scarcity then became general, attained its greatest height about midsummer, and extending to all the productions of the earth, occasioned extreme distress. In some places, the poorer classes were compelled to the sad necessity of collecting various esculent wild vegetables,—nettles, wild mustard, and others of the same kind, to support life; and in places distant from Dublin, wretched beings were often seen exploring the fields with the hope of obtaining a supply of this miserable food. In districts contiguous to the sea, marine plants were had recourse to for the purpose of allaying the cravings of hunger; and we have been informed, that on the sea coast, near to Ballyshannon, many of the poor, during several months of this period, subsisted, either chiefly or altogether, on cockles, muscles, limpets, or even the putrifying fish they could procure on the shore. In some districts, seed potatoes were taken up from the ground, and the hopes of the future year were thus destroyed for the relief of present necessity; and the blood drawn from the cattle in the fields, and mixed with oatmeal when this could be procured, has not unfrequently supplied a meal to a starving family.’

It was in Ireland, therefore, (that portion of our country where circumstances such as we have described might be expected to produce their fullest effect,) that the measure of public calamity was completely full. In that unhappy country, fever always prevails among the indigent part of its population. And the augmentation of their habitual wretchedness, by a failure in the productions of agriculture from an unfavourable season, occasions, as one of its natural consequences, an increased prevalence of fever. On the present occasion, the coincidence of a deficient crop, from a very unfavourable season, with the great political events to which we have referred, appears to have converted what, under different circum-



stances, might have proved merely an increased prevalence of fever, which perhaps might have passed almost unobserved, into an extensive and destructive Epidemic.

An increase in the number of cases of fever admitted into the different fever hospitals, appears to have been observed from the year 1810; although it was by no means so great as to excite apprehension or alarm; but, from that period until it appeared as an Epidemic, the annual admissions were greater than usual. It is not easy to point out the precise period at which fever may have become Epidemic, in a country in which it is never wholly extinguished. From the communications obtained from resident physicians in every part of Ireland, it appears, however, that, after the severe winter of 1814—15, and the deficient harvest of the following year, the causes were in operation, which were to extend its prevalence over every part of the Island. Its increase was not in the first instance sudden. The experience of many intelligent members of the community, and more especially of the medical profession, led them to anticipate the consequences of the unusual distress which prevailed, with serious and painful apprehension; and the managers of some of the Dublin hospitals, with laudable foresight and feeling, had endeavoured to prepare those valuable establishments with the means of affording additional relief to the exigencies of the poorer classes. The events which soon followed, proved that these expectations were the rational deductions of an enlightened experience. During the autumnal and winter months of 1816, fever had become unusually prevalent in the provinces of Ulster, Munster, and Connaught. For a short period about the depth of the winter, it subsided in some degree; but, during the first four months of 1817, its progressive increase was rapid and alarming. That its extension was owing to causes of very general, if not universal operation, appears from the fact, that its first appearance, in many situations very remote from each other, was nearly simultaneous;—and there were not many places in which it had not appeared and established itself between the beginning of the year and the Midsummer of 1817.

According to the testimony of physicians resident in the respective districts, it appears, that, in a great majority of the places whence communications were received, the decisive indications of its unceasing prevalence were observed during the early months of the year 1817. During that year, it had become universally epidemical: it had appeared in Dublin in the month of September, and the whole country might be considered as under its destructive influence. There were, indeed, a few places to which it did not extend itself, until the following

year; but the number was so small, as to form a very inconsiderable exception to its universality. It does not appear that diversities of local situation presented any impediment to its diffusion: it spread with equal rapidity over mountainous districts, and through the tracts of level country; over districts situated on the coast, as well as in the interior of the country; and through hamlets and villages, as well as through cities and towns inhabited by a crowded population. In many districts, hardly a cabin escaped; and wherever fever once obtained admission, it was common for all the inmates to fall successively under its influence, if the infected individuals were not promptly removed to some public asylum open to their reception. Although a general opinion of its contagious nature prevailed among the poor, and led to the adoption of such means of prevention as were in their power; yet, in numerous instances, so utterly destitute were they of any effectual means of preventing its diffusion, that the members of a family confined by fever lay on the same bed in which the healthy members slept; and it is extremely painful to record, that, in some instances, in remote parts of the country, the dead remained for several days, stretched by the side of the sick and languishing survivors, all the members of the family being involved in the general calamity.

It is certain, that the evils of poverty aggravated the sufferings of the poor exceedingly, and contributed greatly to the extension of the fever in their dwellings. It ought, however, to be known, that, in some instances of large families, possessed not of the conveniences only, but of the luxuries of life, and having every requisite domestic accommodation, fever extended itself nearly to every individual. Several remarkable instances of this kind are given, resting on testimony which cannot be refused, and proving that all the advantages of competency or wealth, cannot purchase a complete immunity from danger, during visitations such as these. These are strong, if not conclusive proofs in favour of contagion,—a subject to which we shall advert by and by. The instances, however, of the disease spreading in families in the higher classes, were not numerous; in general, it did not, in such situations, extend beyond the individual who might happen to be seized in the first instance; and they must be considered as exceptions only, very remarkable ones certainly, to a general principle founded on very extended observation,—the safety obtained by the complete separation of the sick from the healthy, and their being lodged in large, airy chambers.

It is not easy to form a very accurate estimate of the proportionate number of the population of Ireland which suffered



from the influence of this formidable Epidemic. In some places, it is stated, on the authority of resident medical practitioners, to have amounted to three fourths of the whole population; in very few, is it so low as one sixth: and the average proportion is considered by Drs. Barker and Cheyne to be about one fourth. Estimating the population of Ireland at six millions, this will make the number of persons who suffered an attack of the disease to be a million and a half. Dr. Harty estimates that one eighth part of the population had the fever, making the number who were infected 800,000. The mitigation of this enormous aggregate of suffering by the fever hospitals which were established in different parts of the country, is scarcely to be estimated. It appears that 150,000 persons were received into them, who, but for this humane expedient of enlightened Christian benevolence, might great part of them have perished in utter and hopeless misery and destitution. As these cases were accurately registered, and the termination of each case in death or recovery was carefully noted, the proportionate mortality can be correctly determined. Of those admitted into the different hospitals, the mortality was about 1 in 25; but, as all these individuals had the advantage of excellent accommodation and of judicious medical treatment, it is reasonable to believe, that their circumstances must have been more favourable to recovery, than that of the individuals who went through the disease in the wretched accommodation of their own dwellings. It seems not unreasonable, therefore, to presume, that the average mortality of the whole might be as high as 1 in 20.

It is, however, a great consolation to know, that the mortality of fever does not commonly augment, in an equal degree, with its increasing prevalence during Epidemic periods. This appears from a comparison of different successive years, or different years during the continuance of the same Epidemic; and it results from an estimate of the cases of fever admitted into the fever hospitals in Dublin, Waterford, and Cork, during fifteen years, (the Epidemic period being included,) that, in proportion as cases of fever became more frequent, its mortality diminished. During the period of the Epidemic, the mortality scarcely exceeded one half of the usual ratio at other periods. It has been observed in former Epidemics, that the mortality has been greatest at the commencement, and has diminished as it has advanced and declined. The fidelity of this observation was confirmed in the recent Epidemic. It was more fatal at the commencement, than it was afterwards. In the fever hospital in Cork-street (Dublin), the mortality between the beginning of the year



1817, (at which period the fever may be considered to have been established,) and October 1818, had diminished from 62 in 1000, to 32 in 1000: or fully one half. And taking the results of all the admissions into the Dublin hospitals, the diminution of mortality had fallen, during the same period, from 64 to 54 in each 1000. In Dublin, as well as in Cork, the mortality appears to have been the highest, in the latter part of 1817. The ratio appears then to have diminished, and to have attained its *minimum* within a very short interval of the period when it had attained its greatest extension; so that about that period, the number of deaths, in proportion to the number which sickened, was the lowest. This fever, therefore, like all great Epidemics, of which records have been preserved, was most fatal at the commencement, and became gradually milder towards its termination.

The degree of mortality was modified, however, during the course of the Epidemic, by various circumstances. It was more fatal to males, than to females: in men, the proportion was about 1 in 16; among females, the deaths were about 1 in 20 and a fraction. It was far less fatal in the early periods of life, than in the middle periods, or in old age. Below the adult period of life, or under seventeen years of age, it was not fatal to more than 1 in 102. From that age to 35, it was fatal to 1 in 29. And from 30 to 70, the mortality was so high as 1 in 10. It was far more fatal too in some situations, than it was in others. The difference in this respect was very considerable, and proves that the influence of local circumstances, in rendering it more or less fatal, was exceedingly great. The causes of this, it is not easy always to assign. It may have been connected with diversities of diet; or of humidity or dryness of atmosphere; or with other circumstances less obvious in their nature. These facts refer to the results of extensive observation, made on the poor or labouring class of society, who, under the pressure of disease, seek for admission into public hospitals. Although the Epidemic raged with peculiar severity in this the largest portion of the community, and the establishment of fever hospitals has afforded us many general results of observation drawn from this extensive field, yet, the disease was by no means confined to this class of society. Many individuals belonging to the elevated and opulent class, fell under the influence of the Epidemic. It is important to remark, that the general observation of the Medical profession coincides in the statement, that fever is a much more dangerous disease among them, than among the poor. The proportionate mortality in this class, appears to have been about 1 in 4. This corresponds, we believe, to the general experience of the pro-

session, and proves how much the danger from fever is augmented by the habits of the class to which the individual may belong, as well as by the cultivation and activity of the intellectual faculties; for, we believe, it is principally by the occurrence of inflammation of the brain, that fever becomes fatal in the higher class of society. There is no subject connected with the history of fever, more obscure, or on which it is more difficult to arrive at conclusions which satisfy the mind, than the origin of fever, when it prevails as an Epidemic. An opinion has very generally prevailed in the Medical Profession, as well as in the public mind, that a peculiar condition of the atmosphere is required for the prevalence of an Epidemic fever. The existence of such a state of atmospheric influence is constantly adverted to by the best medical observers in their histories of disease, and has, on every recurrence of an Epidemic, impressed the popular feeling with terror and dismay. We believe the opinion to be a gratuitous one. The most refined chemical analysis has not hitherto enabled us to discover any deviation from the ordinary purity of the atmosphere at these periods; nor has the most accurate observation enabled us to establish, by satisfactory evidence, the existence of any such deviation from its natural and ordinary condition. The opinion appears to us to have been constantly assumed, until it has become, in some measure, established in popular belief, and hesitatingly entertained by great numbers of medical men. It has, however, no support from the evidence of facts. There are, on the other hand, facts which render it exceedingly improbable, inasmuch as they are inconsistent with its being true. The troops in Ireland, for example, from the returns transmitted to the Adjutant-General's office, appear to have suffered in a very small degree from fever, during the Epidemic, when compared with the general state of the civil population. The proportion of those who suffered from fever in the army, does not appear to have exceeded an eighth; while, in the general population, it was as high as a fourth of the whole. And the average mortality in the army, during the Epidemic, appears to have been rather less than in the year which immediately preceded it. This could not have happened if there had been any peculiar atmospheric influence by which the fever was produced. Large establishments, too, were preserved from fever, by measures of rigorous precaution,—a fact which is equally adverse to this opinion. These opinions have prevailed from a very early period, and they were resorted to to explain the Epidemic prevalence of other acute febrile diseases, which are now known to be propagated by a specific principle of con-

tagion. It is quite remarkable, how extravagant and indefinite were the views of well-informed individuals on this subject, considerably less than a century ago. An eminent physician in the last century, for example, asserted that he had known the small-pox disseminated through the atmosphere, to the distance of thirty miles ; though it has been proved since then, that children who have neither been vaccinated nor inoculated, may be exposed to the influence of a person ill with the small-pox, within a distance of two feet, without receiving the infection, provided that it is done either in the open air, or in an apartment of which the atmosphere is not contaminated by the poison. We believe, therefore, that the cause of the prevalence of fever, when epidemic, is not to be sought in any peculiar condition of the atmosphere, but in the moral and physical circumstances of society. The prevalence of great general despondency in the public mind, in whatever way it may be occasioned, inadequate or unwholesome nourishment arising from unproductive seasons, the absence of that wholesome stimulus which regular and well-rewarded exertion always supplies, inattention to personal and domestic cleanliness, must be regarded as the great predisponent causes of epidemic fever. We believe, however, that they do not, under any circumstances, ever become the immediate exciting causes of fever. But they certainly render the individuals, or society, which may be under their influence, very highly susceptible to the agency of any cause which is capable of producing fever. In what manner, then, it may be asked, does fever originate and become epidemic, under circumstances such as we have described? We will explain our views as distinctly as we can, referring to facts contained in the volumes before us, in proof of their conformity to the phenomena of nature. ‘*Opinionum commenta delet dies, natura judicia firmat.*’

No department of human knowledge would afford more instructive illustration of this remark of the Philosophical Historian, than the records of medical science. The origin of fever when epidemic, has always been shrouded in the deepest obscurity ; and medical inquirers, the most philosophical in the cast of their intellect, and the most accurate as observers of nature, have found themselves in the deepest perplexity on this obscure but important inquiry. There are two facts stated by Dr. Harty, which appear to us to throw a very unusual degree of light upon it, and which, resting as they do, on the most unexceptionable evidence, may be referred to with the greatest confidence in determining this question.

The first relates to the principal gaol in Dublin, of which he observes :—



'The cells appropriated to the convicts are twelve in number, beyond which there is no accommodation; the convicts themselves have varied in number from 1 to 120, and upwards. Their cells and bed-clothes are kept in very neat order, and the straw frequently changed; they are never provided with prison dresses, except at the moment of embarkation, nor have I found it possible to establish or enforce any system of personal cleanliness among them: many are in consequence half naked and excessively filthy. After each embarkation of convicts, which seldom leaves more than one tenth of them behind, a considerable interval (from twelve to twenty months) generally elapses before their successors are sent away, in consequence of which there is a gradual accumulation of their numbers, so that cells calculated to accommodate three, are frequently found to receive eight, nine, or ten. Whenever this occurs, as it almost always does, for some time previous to each transportation, fever unequivocally contagious as uniformly appears among the convicts, and is only to be checked in its progress, by the most decisive measures of prevention.' *Harty*, p. 161.

Another fact given by the same Author, and perhaps still more remarkable for its bearing on this subject, is the following.

'A person of some property, residing in a town in our Northern Province, was suspected of confining and ill-treating his wife; these rumours were for some time prevalent before any person ventured to interfere. At length two gentlemen, one of them a clergyman of the Established Church, roused by the nature and extent of the rumours, resolved to ascertain the truth, and having obtained the requisite authority from a magistrate, visited the house, and examined every apartment for the wretched object of their humane search; at first in vain; at length a small closet door arrested their notice, and having insisted on its being opened, both gentlemen eagerly entered, and as precipitately retreated: one was immediately seized with vomiting, the other felt sick and faint. After a little they recruited, and called the wretched woman from her prison, in which she had been for weeks immured. It was a small dark closet without light or air, except what was occasionally admitted through the door, and in it had this miserable being been left, without change of clothes, stretched on a bed of straw, amidst ordure and filth of every description. At the end of a week, both gentlemen were affected by symptoms of febrile indisposition, were confined almost the same day to their beds, from which the benevolent clergyman never arose; the other recovered with difficulty after a severe struggle. His sister, who attended him night and day during the whole course of his illness, and from whom I received the above statement, has several times detailed to me the symptoms and progress of the disease; it would be impossible to mistake it, its character answering in every respect to the worst forms of phrenitic typhus: the case of his friend and companion was in every respect similar, except in the fatal termination.' *Harty*, p. 164.

These facts prove incontestibly the power of an atmosphere loaded with the effluvia of the human body, and in a state of much concentration, to produce fever in healthy persons who may be exposed to it. The existence of any such noxious influence has been resolutely denied by some very eminent medical writers, but a very small number of well-attested facts is sufficient to overbalance any weight of evidence resting merely on opinion. The history of the Epidemic in Ireland abounds with facts which can be explained on no other principle, than the pernicious influence of a close and confined atmosphere, rendered impure by a great number of persons being brought together and remaining within a very confined space. The constancy which we observe in the operations of nature, and the uniformity with which we remark, that diseases of the same type are produced by the influence of the same morbid poison, has led to the opinion that no fever could propagate itself by a contagious influence, unless it had been produced in the first instance by the agency of contagion. This opinion is embraced by Dr. Barker, who attributes the Irish Epidemic to the agency of contagion imported from the Continent, where fever raged extensively during the latter years of the war. The opinion expressed by this individual is, however, unsupported by any kind of proof; and the certainty of the epidemic having had a domestic origin, appears to us to be conclusive. It is unquestionable, that the establishment of affirmative evidence in cases of this nature, is often difficult; but the formation of fever hospitals during the recent epidemic, has afforded opportunities of observation to their medical officers, more precious than ever were placed within the reach of the medical observer. The general result of their testimony appears to us, not to favour merely, but to establish the conclusion, that continued fever, whatever may have been its exciting cause, is capable of diffusing itself by a contagious influence, provided that circumstances favour its spreading in that manner. This conclusion consequently involves the belief in the formation of a contagious principle, or, in other words, of a morbid poison, in cases of continued fever, the origin of which can be distinctly referred to the agency of cold, or of some other atmospheric influence acting under peculiar circumstances. And a morbid poison arising and formed in this way, will, we believe, produce a similar fever in healthy individuals to an indefinite extent. Since the termination of the late Epidemic, we have seen eight persons receive the infection of fever, from a youth who sickened of fever while employed as a ship-builder, and who had been exposed to no known source of contagion. Three of these individuals resided under the same

roof; the others were members of the family, and were merely exposed for a short time, as visitors; and to three of the number it proved fatal.

(*To be continued.*)

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Art. VI. *The Importance of an early and decided Attachment to the Concerns of a Future World: an Address delivered to Young People, Jan. 1, 1825, in Carter Lane, Doctors' Commons. By John Hoppus, A. M. 8vo. pp. 46. London. 1825.*

THIS discourse, which comes before us under the modest title of an address, might have been designated, with not less propriety than certain compositions which recently came under our notice, as an oration. We do not mean to intimate that there is any appearance of the writer's having imitated the style or character of those compositions; but it is possible, that the challenge thrown out to the evangelical world by the reverend Orator alluded to, may have suggested this and other similar attempts to give to pulpit addresses a more rhetorical character. We have no objection to such attempts, provided that the main object of the sacred office be not compromised; provided also that our preachers are careful to form their taste by the study of just and holy models. We should be glad to think that Mr. Irving had given an impulse of this kind to the well-directed studies and efforts of our younger ministers, if, at the same time, his waning popularity should prevent their being seduced by his example into a style of declamation far removed from that which alone can permanently affect, or interest, or please. It is certain, that such an impulse has been given to the efforts of many among the clergy. The rulers of the Establishment have begun to awake to a sense of the importance of pulpit eloquence as the only means of giving new life to old forms, and replenishing deserted churches with attentive congregations. At this time, pulpit talents of a commanding kind, are understood to afford one of the surest means of ecclesiastical advancement. We venture to say, that this is as it should be; and we rejoice in this new line of policy on the part of the higher powers, without any solicitude as to its auspicious or inauspicious bearings on the interests of Dissenting congregations. We should rejoice that the Church of England should have again to boast among her living ornaments, of Leightons and Burnets, Tillotsons and Souths, Seckers and Horsleys. Who knows but that this noble competition might call up another 'silver-tongued' Bates, or



philosophic Charnock, a Grove or a Watts, a Baxter or a Whitfield, from among the churches of Nonconformists?

It would not be fair to submit a publication like the present, which makes no ambitious pretensions, but simply differs from a sermon in its form, by avoiding the technicalities of a motto, and formal divisions,—to either minute criticism or invidious comparisons. We shall, therefore, merely lay before our readers a few specimens of this address, which will, we think, amply justify our pronouncing it to be highly creditable to the talents of the preacher; and, if accompanied with an impressive delivery, adapted to be very effective.

‘ The conclusion to be derived from the whole is, that *youth* is the season most proper for the commencement of a religious course; which cannot, without immense disadvantage, to say the least, be deferred till age and its infirmities come on. Remember, now, therefore thy Creator. Hearken to this invitation, as to the voice of a gracious and beseeching God, who charges you, in the familiar tone of a most condescending friendship, not to forget him. What then—and is it possible to forget that Being, of whose existence we are reminded more constantly than of that of any other being in the universe? His name stands emblazoned in the heavens above, in characters of the most visible and unfading glory; and on the earth beneath, he crowns the year with his goodness, and his paths drop fatness. Whatever is fair and good, in the natural, or the moral world, is but, as it were, a portion of infinite perfection, a glimmering of the Divinity, obviously seen, though transmitted through the obscure medium of created things; a ray issuing athwart the clouds and darkness of his pavilion, from that eternal brightness which no man can approach unto. Is it necessary to be reminded of Him, whose power and Godhead are to be inferred from every object around you: who preserves you every instant, and in whom, as in an element surrounding you on all sides, you live and move and have your being? Alas! forgetfulness of God is the great characteristic of our nature. The mind of man loves to frame to itself conceptions of ideal excellence; imaginary combinations of good; visions of perfection and beauty, made up of all the remnants of that paradise which was lost, and which are not to be realized till it is regained; nevertheless, with an inconsistency which can only be accounted for on the principle of our degeneracy, of supreme excellency we are regardless. When the creations of fancy are infinitely more than realised, and stand purified from all earthly concretions in the image of an all-perfect Being, they cease to delight; they have ascended into a region that is too spiritual and refined; and we learn a lesson, humiliating indeed, but which cannot be too deeply impressed, that the absence of the love and cherished remembrance of God, is the great disorder of our nature, the leprosy of the inner man, the plague of the heart; which it requires the perpetual application of the remedy of Christianity to counteract and subdue.

‘Permit me now to lay before you a few hints by way of remembrance, with a view to promote your decision of character in regard to Christian religion; and of which we all so much need to be reminded.—Exercise watchfulness then over yourselves. ‘Keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.’ Remember that religion has its throne in the inner man, and begins its reign there. Those therefore who would be submitted to its spiritual dominion, must take the torch of revelation, and explore the chambers of imagery within. Vain thoughts and imaginations are to the soul, what a gangrene is to the body, which, if its progress be not arrested, will diffuse over the whole frame, corruption and death. What health is to the body, such is purity to the mind. It is the well-being of the soul, and to aspire after it, no efforts can be too great, since, ‘Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.’

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‘Endeavour, allow me to repeat it, to obtain right conceptions of religion. Suffer it not to be lowered in your esteem by identifying it with the infirmities of its advocates and professors. Look at its perfect form as exhibited in the word of God, and in the character of Jesus Christ. Do not suppose that evangelical piety is an unsocial, or a puny, weak, spiritless affair. Think not that it will prove a cramp to the native energies of the soul; or that it is not adapted to blend itself most sweetly with all that is exquisite and valuable in the accomplishments of nature. These latter indeed are nothing more than relics of primeval excellency, fragments of beauty and perfection from the ruins of the fall, resembling the disjointed wrecks of a stately temple, which some disaster has levelled in the dust; which convey a faint idea of what it once was; and which it is the great object to restore at length to the elevation and grandeur of the perfect original. Imagine not that the humble piety of the gospel cannot consist of a firm and determined cast of mind, a manly independence of thought and character; or that a decided expression of attachment to an unseen Saviour, is incompatible with that delicacy and gentleness which constitute the principal charm and ornament of the female sex. That religion alone which is distinctly founded on the principle, that humanity is in a fallen, apostate condition, and recognises the need of divine grace, can ever raise the character to true excellence. Without it, the most admirable specimens that our nature has ever furnished, do but resemble marble statues, which, however symmetric in their proportions, and expressive in each several part; though they almost seem to breathe, and to put forth the graceful movements of living agents, are yet nothing but cold, inanimate materialism, without a heart and without a vital principle. They are Promethean images that need to be inspired from heaven with the breath of life. Christianity proposes, not to supersede any one of the good qualities of nature, but having placed them on a right basis, to pervade, to sustain, to illustrate and confirm them all. ‘Whatsoever things are true,’ saith the apostle Paul to the Philippians, ‘whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good

report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.' "

Such expressions as 'Gothic marauder,' applied to Death, 'the Rubicon of the world,' 'infernal Proteus,' &c. the Author's maturer taste will lead him to avoid. Classic allusions, if ever introduced, should be very classical; for the misfortune is, that unless very trite, they will not be understood; and, if sufficiently hackneyed to be intelligible to a mixed congregation, they lose all their effect as embellishments. After all, they are apt to savour less of the scholar, than of the schoolmaster. Citations from our English poets may sometimes be extemporaneously introduced with the best effect, but they rarely look well in a printed discourse.

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Art. VII. *The Cabinet of Foreign Voyages and Travels: or Annual Selections from the most recent and interesting Journals of eminent Continental Travellers, that have not before appeared in an English Dress.* Vol. I. 18mo. Plates. Price 12s. London. 1825.

**T**HIS extremely elegant and interesting little publication, like the poetical "Souvenirs" and "Forget me nots," which it resembles in the style of its appearance, is formed upon the model of a work of the same kind published on the Continent. The late learned Professor Zimmermann, we are told, commenced a similar publication some years ago, which admirably supplied a desideratum in German literature, and met with great and merited encouragement. The Contents of the present volume are as follows: 1. Introduction, comprising a general view of the most important geographical researches and discoveries during the last ten years. 2. Boie's Tour in Norway. 3. The Aurora Borealis. 4. On the Changes in the Climate of the Alps. 5. Manners and Customs of the Russians in the Government of Kasan. 6. Manners and Customs of the Tartars of Kasan. 7. Groupe of Rocks near Adersbach, Bohemia. 8. O Von Richter's Pilgrimages in the East. 9. P. B. Webb, Esq. on the Plain of Troy. 10. Dr. Taucher on the Salt Lake of Inderskoi. 11. Eichfield on the Eternal Fire at Baku. 12. Russian Discoveries. 13. The Oasis of Siwab. 14. Account of the Volcanoes now burning. 15. Baron Minutoli's Travels in Egypt. 16. Life of Baron Von Humboldt. The volume is embellished with a portrait of that indefatigable and accomplished traveller, and with lithographic views of the Aurora Borealis, Rocks at Adersbach, the village of Garah, and the Volcano of Jorullo.



In the introductory sketch, we do not find much novel information, but it presents a useful and comprehensive view of the present state of geographical discovery. After noticing the results of the adventurous voyages of Captain Parry and Mr. Scoresby, and the exploratory travels of Lieutenant Franklin, the Editor proceeds to mention the expeditions sent out by the Russian Government for the purpose of prosecuting discoveries in the polar regions. Besides the one sent out in 1820, under Baron Wrangel, to which we have adverted in a preceding article, two expeditions were sent out the preceding year: one under Lieutenant Lasarew, with orders to explore the straits of Waigatz and the coasts of Nova Zembla; the other under Lieutenants Wasilieff and Schischareff to Beering's Straits, with a view to discover a passage eastward. The former failed in the main object, owing to the accumulation of the ice, but it was not wholly unproductive of useful results: the latter was also unsuccessful, but Wasilieff reached the parallel of  $71^{\circ} 7'$ , and discovered two capes situated further north than Icy Cape. In August 1823, Captain Otto Von Kotzebue was again sent out to Beering's Straits, to make a new attempt to discover a north-east passage. In the mean time, the Golownin and the Baranow, fitted out in 1821, by the Russian American Company, to explore the north-east coast, returned, having accomplished their instructions, and discovered a considerable island in lat.  $59^{\circ} 54' 57''$ , to which they gave the name of Numirak. In 1819, another Russian navigator, Captain Bellingshausen, was sent out to explore the Southern Icy Sea. Between the 6th and the 19th of July 1820, he is stated to have discovered in the Southern Ocean, about sixteen islands of various magnitudes east of New Zealand; but the latitudes are not specified. On the 10th of Jan. 1821, being in lat.  $68^{\circ} 57' 15''$  S. and long.  $90^{\circ} 4' 5''$  W., he discovered a high island  $24\frac{1}{2}$  miles in circumference, to which he gave the name of Peter Island; and on the 17th, he descried a high coast in lat.  $68^{\circ} 51' 50''$  and long.  $73^{\circ} 3' 46''$ , which received the name of Alexander Island. From this place he steered towards New South Shetland, sailed round it, and found it to consist of several islands. He discovered seven other islands, in  $55^{\circ}$  W., long. and lat.  $61^{\circ} 10'$ ; and sailed entirely round Sandwich Land. He returned to Cronstadt on the 24th of July. If the Editor has the means of obtaining further details respecting this voyage, he will confer a service on the public by including an analysis of it in his next volume.

In America, no country has of late years been visited by so numerous travellers as Brazil. Mawe, Lindley, and Koster

were among the first to lead the way ; and scanty as is the information contained in their volumes, they contain almost all that was then known respecting that vast region. Mr. Luccock's heavy but very valuable quarto, furnished a most important addition to our information ; and it comprises at this moment more valuable and accurate matter, than is to be found in any one publication of any other traveller. The travels of Drs. Von Spix, Prince Maximilian, and Mrs. Graham, have very recently been noticed in this Journal. Professor Pohl, who was sent out by the Emperor of Austria at the same time as the two Bavarian academicians, appears to have penetrated further into the back country of Brazil than any preceding traveller. He reached the capital of Goyaz, the central province, in January 1819, where he spent three months, being detained by the rainy season. He then bent his way northward by way of St. Joze de Tocantines as far as Porto Real ; whence he navigated the Maranhão for nearly 500 miles, and eventually returned by Porto Real to Villa Boa, having occupied eight months in the expedition. He made an excursion the following year into Minas Novas, and returned to Rio in February 1821, after a journey of 1300 geographical miles between the 22nd and 7th parallels of south latitude, during which he had forwarded 111 chests, containing the articles of interest he had collected. These are stated to comprise 260 living animals, 4000 kinds of plants, and above 1000 fossils.

About the same period, a M. St. Hilaire, a Frenchman in the suite of the Duke of Luxembourg, ambassador from the court of France to that of Brazil, undertook, successively, three different journeys in that country ; the first, through Minas Geraes to Bahia in 1817, 18 ; the second, along the coast as far north as the Rio Doce,—the track explored by Prince Maximilian ; the third in 1819, to the capital of Goyaz, from which place he took the road to Santo Paulo : leaving his collections at that city, he continued his journey southward through the comarcas of Hitu and Curutiba, and crossing the elevated *Campos*, descended the frightful *serra de Puranagua* to the coast, opposite the island of Saint Catherine. Thence he prosecuted his journey along the sandy shores of Rio Grande to Portalegre, where he passed the winter of 1819, 20. In the following spring, he proceeded to the Banda Oriental, visited Monte Video, and returned through the territory formerly occupied by Artigas, and the country of the missions, to Rio Grande. Between Belem and the Reductions of Uruguay, M. St. Hilaire spent thirteen days in a desert, where there was neither a house nor a beaten road, but only ostriches, stags, and jaguars. After again visiting St. Paulo, he returned

to Europe, with a collection of 2,000 birds, 16,000 insects, and 30,000 plants. The account of these travels would fill up an important chasm in the topography of the South American peninsula, a great part of them being through districts almost absolutely unknown, and inhabited by savage tribes with whom the whites have had little or no intercourse. We strongly recommend the Editor of this "Cabinet," to obtain, if possible, further details.

Little more that is important appears to have been achieved by foreign travellers. Baron Minutoli and Doctors Ehrenberg and Hemprich have been prosecuting researches in Egypt and Nubia. M. Brocchi, a pupil of Werner, has lately gone to Egypt to pursue a geognostical investigation in the vicinity of Thebes. Messrs. Calliaud and Letorzec, who accompanied Ismael Pasha on his military expedition into the interior, penetrated, about five weeks after their departure from Sennaar, as far as Fazièle and Gamanil. The most southern place to which Ismael Pasha penetrated, was Singheh in lat.  $10^{\circ}$  N. They were unable to sail up the *Bahr el Abiad*, because the water was too low; but M. Calliaud thinks it probable that it will be found to communicate with the Niger.—The Missionary Society of Basle have resolved to send five missionaries into Persia, who are, previously to their settlement, to explore the interior of that vast empire. The Chaplain to the Swedish embassy at Constantinople, the Rev. Mr. Berggren, visited Syria in 1820. The present volume contains an account of 'pilgrimages in the East' performed by Otto Frederick Von Richter in 1815-16; but they add little or nothing to the later accounts of English travellers. In fact, Asia appears to have received of late far less attention from foreign travellers than any other quarter of the globe.

We observe a few errors and marks of haste in this volume. Hunhuetoca, Quertano, and Yrapualo, (at p. 403,) should be Huehuetoca, Queretaro, and Yrapuato; Chilpanzugo is printed for Chilpanzingo; and several other names are mis-spelt. On the whole, the work does credit to the publishers; and should they be so fortunate as to obtain either original contributions or authenticated accounts of unpublished travels for the ensuing volumes, or, in failure of these, if they will supply spirited analyses of such foreign works as have not reached this country,—the publication cannot fail, we think, to become extremely acceptable.



Art. VIII. *Memoirs of Painting*, with a chronological History of the Importation of Pictures by the great Masters into England, since the French Revolution. By W. Buchanan, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 777. Price 11. 6s. London. 1824.

2. *Sketches of the principal Pictures in England*. With a Criticism on "Marriage a-la-Mode." Foolscape 8vo. pp. 195. London. 1824.

3. *British Galleries of Art*, Small 8vo. pp. 301. Price 8s. 6d. London. 1824.

THE general diffusion and to a considerable extent, equalization of knowledge in the present day, entails, with many advantages, a few annoyances. The facility and correctness of composition, which characterise the average standard of literary talent, throw a certain class of writers into perfect despair; and sets them, hopeless of a more legitimate distinction, on endeavouring to awaken attention by grimace and affectation. Of this lamentable perversion, we have, in one of the volumes before us, a specimen the less excusable, both as the author is capable of better things, and as the subject called in an especial manner for the utmost simplicity and explicitness of treatment. Jargon is bad enough under any circumstances, but, when applied to Art, it is more emphatically contemptible, since it is wholly at variance both with the severity of scientific principle, and the intelligibility which should reign throughout all the processes of the artist. Connect charlatanism with art, even in the slightest degree, and its mental, as well as its moral elevation is degraded to the dust. What, for example, is the impression produced upon the mind by such elaborate and abortive strainings after something transcendently fine and effective as the following?

'I should pitch' (on the supposition of having to make a choice among the Claudes of the Angerstein gallery) 'upon the landscape with the Mill, that hangs in the right corner of this room, "making a sunshine in a shady place:" and yet, without very well knowing why; unless it be that it pours from every part of it a flood of beauty, into the very depths of the heart; at once soothing the passions of earth to an unearthly stillness, while it makes the blood seem to dance and sparkle within us, to the music of its dark and sparkling waters. To stand before that picture is to be happy, whatever one's lot may be; and to leave it, is to leave looking into the very heart and soul of Nature.' *British Galleries*.

Again:

'The Dejinira is magnificent. She sits across his knees, with one arm passed round his neck; and from every point of her form there seems to exude, as it were, an atmosphere of desire, which spreads

itself on all the objects present, steeping them all in the pervading sentiment of the scene.' *British Galleries.*

Once more—from the description of Titian's paintings in the Cleveland Gallery, the *Diana and Acteon*, and the *Diana and Calisto*.

'In these pictures the expression goes for almost nothing. They are appeals to the senses alone. You can actually, as it were, *taste* the flavour of them on the palate. And if you remember them at all in absence, it is a kind of harmonious chaos of colour, 'without form and void;' or like a chord in music—one sweet sound made up of many—harmony without melody.' *British Galleries.*

Now let the reader try for a moment to extract a plain, tangible meaning from these quaint and tricksey phrases, and if he is able to give substance to that which shape has none, he will be to us, not *Davus*, but *Œdipus*. Nothing can be more simple than the genuine language of Art, precisely because nothing can be more expressive than simplicity; and every departure from it is neither more nor less than a confession of ignorance. The great skill of a connoisseur lies in knowing what to admire and what to condemn; and this, once discriminated on sound principles, there can be no difficulty in stating with precision.

The subject of these volumes is to us a very delightful one. It relates to a substantial portion of our national wealth, and, in its connected circumstances, it blends itself with just views of our best fame. Too long neglected amid the conflict of parties, and the din of martial preparation, there has been gradually gaining ground among us, a persuasion that the prosperity of a realm is most honourably distinguished by the encouragement of the arts and sciences; and the contents of the volumes before us afford gratifying evidence that active and effectual exertions have followed hard upon that conviction. The history of amateurship in this country includes not a few disheartening points of retrospection. With a few partial glimpses of better feeling, the 'backward view' of our pictorial annals yields little satisfaction until we reach the reign of Charles I., whose encouragement of the arts was enlightened and liberal. Henry VIII., with the ostentation that formed so marked a feature in his character, had welcomed Holbein to his court, and Elizabeth had permitted Zuccaro to transmit her lineaments to posterity; but Charles had given to the arts of design a cordial and decided patronage. Rubens and Van-dyke enjoyed his personal favour, and he formed a collection of painting and sculptures which was unrivalled in that day.

The works of Raffaele, Titian, Correggio, Giorgione, da Vinci, Romano, adorned his palaces; while his favourite, Buckingham, purchased at the price of £10,000, the extensive assemblage of pictures and marbles which had been formed by Rubens for his own use. The times which followed, were unfavourable. The stern warriors and statesmen of the Commonwealth, had neither relish nor leisure for the pursuits of *virtu*; and we could have forgiven them this their want of taste, had they not, with mere sordid, money-making miscalculation, chosen to disperse those inestimable treasures, and dismiss to foreign countries productions of value too great to leave any hope of their re-acquisition. Nor did the restoration of the Stuarts, or the reigns of succeeding monarchs, bring with them any real melioration of this lamentable ignorance. Lely and Kneller, with their mechanical facility, multiplied portraits; Verrio and Laguerre covered acres of canvas with unmeaning and ill-painted allegories; and Thornhill, though with somewhat superior talent, made inefficient use of advantageous opportunities for which Haydon and Hilton are sighing in vain. What sacrifice would not those admirable artists make, might they but leave the signatures of their genius on the walls of Greenwich Hospital, or the dome of St. Paul's? The reign of George III. was a period of fairer promise than any which had intervened since the death of the first Charles. We shall not invidiously inquire how far the revival of a taste for the Arts may be really due to the late monarch, nor whether his patronage was uniformly bestowed on the worthiest objects. He consented to the institution of the Royal Academy, and he delighted in the productions of Benjamin West.

Next to the alienation of the noble collection of Charles I., the consignment to Russia of the Houghton gallery, is the most disastrous and disgraceful transaction in the whole story of British Vandalism. Of the misconduct of Government, we say nothing: it has been so little the custom for British Monarchs to patronize the arts, that in the dearth of precedents, we can excuse the negligence of Administration. But we have no language strong enough to express our contempt for the want of patriotism and right feeling betrayed by our wealthy countrymen in that business. We have not at the present moment a very distinct recollection of all the circumstances of the transaction; but, if we remember rightly, the sellers themselves—the traffickers, we had almost said, of their country's rights and fame—were not altogether blameless: less precipitancy might have secured a happier result.

In addition to these instances of miserable mismanagement, several minor failures are to be enumerated. Somewhat more



than twenty years ago, Mr. Buchanan offered to Mr. Pitt, as the *nucleus* of a national gallery, a small collection of pictures 'of the very first class.' He expresses his decided conviction, that 20,000*l.* would, at that period, have secured to England the possession of some of the finest works of European art; and there can be no question of the correctness of his opinion, since the agitation of the public mind on the Continent, and the effects of the French invasions of Italy, had so unsettled the permanent value of moveable and damageable property, as to make nearly all the private collections of Lombardy and Rome, disposable. A few years before the time just adverted to, 10,000*l.* would, it is affirmed by Mr. Irvine, have purchased all the good pictures in Genoa. As an example of the then existing depreciation, it may be stated, that three large and valuable paintings, by Guido and Rubens, might have been obtained for three or four thousand Italian livres—at eightpence the livre! The same absurd economy prevented the acquisition of the marbles of Egina, of which the skill and enterprise of an Englishman had procured the right of refusal. Neither could Mr. Buchanan prevail on the several wealthy individuals to whom he applied, to authorize the purchase of four superb paintings by Raffaele in his third and last manner. They were transferred for sale from Spain to Paris, and might have been secured for this country; but, the negotiation failing, they were reconveyed to Madrid.

'Another picture of the same high class in point of excellence, and coming from the same source, was, indeed, consigned to him (Mr. Buchanan) in the year 1813, with many other fine pictures from Madrid, and was sold in England. It remained in this country for several years; but that picture has again been transmitted to the continent, and is now in the possession of the Prince Royal of Bavaria, a prince well known for his refined taste and just discernment in all matters connected with the arts. His Royal Highness paid for this picture the sum of 5000*l.* sterling. It was this prince who, a few years ago, purchased the Egina marbles, while our people were considering about a few thousand pounds.'—*Buchanan.*

After some just, but obvious observations on the value and importance of a magnificent national collection, Mr. B. proceeds as follows.

'These considerations become probably of more importance in themselves at this moment, in consequence of an opportunity again presenting itself of enriching this Country with some objects which, in point of real consequence, stand second only to the Raphaels above-mentioned, and the loss of which this Country must always regret. The Marechal Soult, Duc de Dalmatie, knowing that the author of these pages had formerly made several most valuable acqui-

tions of works of art in Spain and Italy, and latterly had purchased the collection of Mons. de Talleyrand in France, communicated to him in April last, that he felt disposed to part with his pictures as an entire collection, if the same could be disposed of in that manner. Mr. Buchanan represented to the Marechal the difficulty of placing an entire collection in that way; but stated the probability of the eight celebrated pictures by Murillo being purchased for England, if the Marechal would fix a separate value on them. This, after much difficulty, the Marechal agreed to do, and in obtaining a note of the value of these, with three other very capital pictures which are in the same collection, Mr. Buchanan immediately returned to England for the express purpose of communicating the same to his majesty's ministers, and impressing on them the importance of such an acquisition, these magnificent pictures being already known to every connoisseur as the *chef d'œuvres* of that great master. What the result of such a communication may yet be, he cannot presume to say. . . . The most important acquisition of objects of high consideration which could have been attained for this country in modern times, would have been the four Raphaels above-mentioned; the next to that in point of real consequence, and which can still be drawn from foreign countries to add to the riches of our own, would be the Murillos just named.' *Buchanan.*

We trust that the time of ill-judged parsimony, the constrained result of thoughtless extravagance, is gone by; and that a judicious application of the national resources will obtain for us those advantages, available on the spot, which our students have hitherto been compelled to seek in foreign capitals. Compared with our impoverished state fifty years ago, we are now rich in works of art. The Townley marbles, the 'rich relics' of the Parthenon, of Phigalia, and of the Thebaid, exhibit specimens of unrivalled excellence. The National Gallery, as it is now called, is as yet in its infancy, but it is rich in master-pieces. Few, but first rate—was the admirable system of its original collector; and it is the apt observation of one of the writers before us, that 'the late Mr. Angerstein, 'was known all over Europe, and will not soon be forgotten, 'for no other reason than that he possessed ten of the finest 'pictures in the world!' But, highly as we estimate the importance of a public and easily accessible collection, we feel a yet higher gratification in contemplating the immense variety of excellence which is dispersed throughout the kingdom in the private collections of our wealthy amateurs. We should be sorry to have all our fine pictures hanging on the walls of one over-grown room like the gallery of the Louvre. With the exception of the bad taste and worse feeling betrayed in the reference to the battle of Waterloo, there is some justice in the following remarks.

‘Those who are accustomed to lament that the battle of Waterloo ever took place, either forget, or do not attach a proper value to the fact, that it caused to be dispersed all over the civilized world, those miracles of art which were collected within the walls of the Louvre: and if it did no other good but this, it was worth all that it cost. It is not in human nature duly to appreciate that which it obtains with ease, or can have by asking for; or that which it cannot help seeing if it would. This is one reason why the French artists and critics have not made one progressive step in art, during the last five-and-twenty years. Not that they did not sufficiently *admire* the works of the old masters that were collected in the Louvre; for they thought many of them nearly equal to their own David’s! They admired, without being able to *appreciate* them. Another reason for this, and one which makes the French artists and critics more excusable, is that, in point of fact, beauty, of whatever kind it may be, does in a great degree counteract itself, when it is present in several different objects in nearly the same degree of perfection. As two perfect negatives in our language destroy the effect of each other, so do two perfect beauties. Two such sights within the same hour as the *Venus de’ Medici* and the *Transfiguration*, is what “no mortal can bear,” to any good effect: not because their influence is too much, but because it is none at all. They *kill* each other, like ill-assorted colours. And this is not a matter of taste, of habit, or even of feeling—as far as consciousness is concerned; it is a matter of nature, and therefore of necessity. True lovers of nature love the sun, the moon, and the stars, each with a perfect love. But if all were to appear together, they could love neither, except as a part of the whole. And thus it was with the Louvre. As a convocation of all beauty and power in art, it was duly appreciated, even by the French. It was adequately admired as *THE LOUVRE*. But in this general admiration, all detail was merged and lost; and of consequence, all the effect of detail was lost too; for it is not *galleries* that make artists—but *pictures*. Individual efforts alone can produce individual efforts—like can alone engender like. Great national collections of pictures may produce good on the same principle,—by engendering *their* like, and thus collaterally aiding high art, by giving it that encouragement without which it cannot extend itself and flourish. But it is greatly to be feared that, even in this point of view, they are, upon the whole, mischievous, rather than beneficial; since they are more calculated to diffuse than concentrate the efforts which they may call forth, and thus lose in quality more than they gain in quantity. It is to private collections alone that the lover of art should, perhaps, look for the true encouragement which art needs, and without which it cannot support its due claims to the attention and admiration of mankind: and *these* can never, like the late collection at the Louvre, counteract their natural and proper effect by growing to an inordinate and unnatural size, and, (like Aaron’s rod,) swallowing up all the rest.’

*British Galleries.*

We cannot attempt to enter minutely into the various and interesting details connected with the different importation



that have enriched our native land with a large proportion of the most illustrious productions of European art ; but we have put at the head of this article, the titles of three works which will give ample information on this head. Mr. Buchanan is any thing but a fine writer, but he narrates with precision, and criticises, generally, with judgement. The great value of his work consists, however, in the information it contains, and this is not only valuable in itself, but diligently collected, and sufficiently well arranged. Of the two small volumes which stand next in order, the first is by far the best.

The first great event in the modern history of Art, in connexion with England, was decidedly the transfer from Paris to London, of the magnificent Orleans collection. Philippe Egalité,—let him be ever remembered by the name of his choice—was compelled, by the expensiveness of his debaucheries and intrigues, to alienate the treasures of his splendid gallery, and they ultimately found their way to this country. The portion which comprised the Italian and French schools, was bought by the Earl of Carlisle, the Marquis of Stafford, and the late Duke of Bridgewater; and the paintings which were not reserved by the proprietors, were sold, part by private contract, and theremainder by public sale. The speculation was a most gainful one, since the purchasers obtained a noble collection of pictures gratuitously, the part sold covering the value of those which were retained.

\* This enterprise was followed by the importation and sale of the Calonne, Trumbull, Bryan, and other collections of great value and interest; and the effect of these successive dispersions has been to enrich, to an extent unequalled in any other country, excepting perhaps Italy, the private collections of English gentlemen.

The most interesting part of Mr. Buchanan's volumes is, in our preference at least, that which relates to the agencies of Messrs. Irvine and Wallis, who were respectively employed by Mr. B. to purchase, on his account, in Italy and Spain. They seem to have been men of superior ability; and if they had been freely supplied with money, would have made a glorious spoil:—as it was, they did wonders. Mr. Wallis, who visited Spain at a critical period, was, at times, in much personal danger. Under date of Madrid, August, 5, 1808, he writes,

‘ Two days past, in going to examine a fine picture of Rubens in Madrid, I met the populace armed, dragging the naked body of the president of the Havanna, with a cord round his neck, crying, Death to all traitors—long live Ferdinand the Seventh. In going to Loeches, about twenty miles from Madrid, to see the famous pictures of Rubens, painted for that convent of Nuns, and paid for by the

Duke of Olivarez, the people of the town took me for a Frenchman, and with great difficulty I got off with my life. We have seen two most dreadful revolutions; one with the loss of several thousands of French and Spaniards, and of small affairs of danger a vast number.'

Buchanan.

If Mr. Irvine's adventures were less hazardous, the attainment of his object frequently required great management, and the dexterous employment of intermediate agents. He seems, moreover, to have been a good deal trammelled by his instructions; and the following paragraphs contain some pithy criticism on the hints which were thrown out in the communications of his employers.

'As to an oil picture of Raphael on his *great, grand, and broad manner*, not above six, perhaps, exist in the world, and certainly are not to be acquired for *any money*. I may also assure you that another landscape by Rubens cannot be expected *from Italy*. I am rather at a loss to know what is meant by Guido's *striking pictures*, as many of his finest works are not remarkable for striking effect, which is all they look for or understand in England. I am certain, that if Raphael's works in the Vatican were carried there without its being known they were such, *nobody would look at them*.

'As to Sir Richard Worsley's observations, they give a just account of the present low state of taste in England, and his preference of a Magdalen by Guido to the Raphaels, does not surprise me, as that country has always been taken by *sleight of hand*. Guido may astonish for awhile, but does not go deep; but Raphael is like a philosopher, who will not mislead the judgement in order to gain general applause, but contents himself with addressing the hearts of the few who have feeling to relish him. Sir Richard is a voluptuary, and judges accordingly.' Buchanan.

As a sample of the way in which competitors in *virtu*, endeavour to give each other the *go by*, the following rather long, but amusing detail, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Amsterdam, Aug. 25, 1817.

'After writing to you from Paris, a piece of information came to my knowledge, which has brought me here in all haste. I learnt that the fine Paul Potter, belonging to the Burgomaster Hoguer, would be sold in the course of a few days, and that several amateurs were on the look out for it.

'A few days ago, Monsieur le R. did me the honour of a call, evidently for the purpose of learning my movements for the rest of the season. The conversation turned on the beauty of the South at this season of the year; and fearing that my views might have been directed towards Flanders or Holland, he strongly recommended my seeing the banks of the Loire before leaving France, especially

as the vintage was fast approaching. I told him, that I had long intended to make an excursion to Orleans, Tours, &c. and had some thought of going there before returning to England. This seemed to quiet his suspicions of finding me a competitor in the north; for, having so recently purchased the Talleyrand collection, which excited some degree of jealousy among the Parisians, he imagined to find me his opponent also in Flanders and Holland. I enquired where he meant to spend the Autumn, when he said he was going in the course of a short time, on account of his health, to drink the mineral waters of Mont-d'Or. After some further conversation upon indifferent matters, he then took his leave of me, and we parted, wishing each other *bonne santé et un bon voyage.*

Mr. Buchanan was not a man to lose the effect of all this generalship by sleeping on his laurels. Having made this masterly demonstration on Mont-d'Or, he broke up without an hour's delay, put himself in march for Brussels, and very soon took up his quarters in that city. Having thus gained the start of his opponents, who were following him with 'heavy metal,' he waited only to secure a few valuable pictures then on sale, and set forward for Antwerp.

'We arrived at that city in time to gain admittance, although the gates had been shut, and were re-opened to us per favour; but at the post-house, we were informed, that no one could get out without an order from the Governor of the place. Being determined, however, to make the attempt, and having agreed to pay for the hire of fresh horses, whether we should or should not succeed in passing the gates, we obtained them, and drove up to the post, when I handed out to the guard of the night my passport and a small piece of paper enclosing a Napoleon, saying rather loudly, "*Voilà, Monsieur, mon passeport, et l'ordre du Gouverneur.*" The order was instantly recognised, and the massive gates moved on their hinges. The following morning we breakfasted at Breda, at an early hour, and by the route of Gorcum and Utrecht, we arrived at Amsterdam the same evening.'

'It now became a matter of some importance to see the collection of Van Hoguer privately, without encountering my Parisian friends. This I easily succeeded in doing through the means of the bankers on whom I had credits; while to keep competitors in the dark as to my intentions, I adopted the following *projet*.

'Antoine, as I have already said, is an old campaigner, and a fellow of much humour and drollery, with a countenance of most immoveable muscle. He was well known as Antoine to all my Parisian friends; but when tolerably rouged, with a suit of black clothes, and a well-powdered wig, no one would imagine he had ever before seen Monsieur Jolli. My own attendance at the sale as a *bidder*, would have been imprudent, and was likely to meet with opposition from more quarters than one; I therefore determined on relinquishing the contest to Monsieur Jolli, who, having received



his instructions, acquitted himself *à merveille*, and had the honour of seeing his name entered in the sale-roll of the Burgomaster Hoguer as the purchaser of the famous young bull of Paul Potter, for 7925 guilders; and of being congratulated by many of the diletanti present, as a gentleman of most undoubted taste and good judgement.

‘The aid which this auxiliary afforded, enabled me to enter the room as an indifferent observer. The first person who caught my eye, was Monsieur le R. whom I had so lately left in Paris. We recognised each other with a laugh—‘Eh bien, Monsieur, comment vous trouvez vous des eaux de Mont-d’Or?’—‘Et vous, Monsieur, que dites vous de la belle Statue de Jeanne d’Arc sur la place d’Orleans?’

We can only afford one extract from the spirited little volume which stands second on our triple heading, and which contains ‘sketches’ of the Angerstein, Dulwich, Stafford, Windsor, Hampton Court, Grosvenor, Wilton, Burleigh, and Blenheim galleries, beside a pithy criticism on Hogarth’s *Marriage a-la-mode*.

‘There is, however, one exception to the catholic language of painting, which is in French pictures. They are national fixtures, and ought never to be removed from the soil in which they grow. They will not answer any where else, nor are they worth Custom-house duties. Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, are all good and intelligible in their several ways—we know what they mean—they require no interpreter: but the French painters see nature with organs and with minds peculiarly their own. One must be born in France, to understand their painting or their poetry. Their productions in art are either literal or extravagant, dry, frigid *fac-similes*, in which they seem to take up nature by pin-points, or else vapid, distorted caricatures, out of all rule and compass. They are, in fact, at home only in the light and elegant; and whenever they attempt to add force or solidity, (as they must do in the severer productions of the pencil,) they are compelled to substitute an excess of minute industry for a comprehension of the whole, or make a desperate mechanical effort at extreme expression, instead of giving the true, natural, and powerful workings of passion. Their representations of nature are meagre skeletons, that bear the same relation to the originals that botanical specimens enclosed in a portfolio, flat, dry, hard, and pithless, do to flourishing plants and shrubs. Their historical figures are painful outlines, or graduated elevations of the common statues,—spiritless, colourless, motionless, which have the form, but none of the power of the *antique*. What an abortive attempt is the *Coronation of Napoleon*, by the celebrated David, lately exhibited in this country! It looks like a finished sign-post painting, a sea of frozen outlines. Could the artist make nothing of “the foremost man in all this world,” but a stiff, upright figure? The figure and

attitude of the Empress are, however, pretty and graceful; and we recollect one face in profile, of an ecclesiastic, to the right, with a sanguine look of health in the complexion, and a large benevolence of soul. It is not Monsieur Talleyrand, whom the late Lord Castlereagh characterised as a worthy man and his friend. His Lordship was not a physiognomist! The whole of the shadowed part of the picture seems to be enveloped in a shower of blue powder. But to make amends for all that there is, or that there is not in the work, David has introduced his wife and his two daughters; and in the catalogue has given us the places of abode, and the names of the husbands of the latter. This is a little out of place: yet, these are the people who laugh at our blunders. We do not mean to extend the above sweeping censure to Claude or Poussin; of course, they are excepted: but even in them, the national character lurked amidst unrivalled excellence. If Claude has a fault, it is, that he is finical; and Poussin's might be said by a satirist to be antique puppets.'

*Sketches of the Picture Galleries.*

Mr. Buchanan seems to consider himself as having a claim to national remuneration, for his exertions in furnishing so many capital additions to the galleries of England. We do not quite understand where the *onus* of this obligation lies, but we cannot spare room for the investigation of his claims.

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Art. IX. *Tracts upon some leading Errors of the Church of Rome.*  
By the Rev. George Hamilton, M.A. Rector of Killermogh, &c.  
18mo. Price 1s. London. 1824.

**W**E believe the Author of this sensible and useful little tract to be one of the best men in the Church of Ireland: he is at once an accomplished scholar, an exemplary minister, an able divine, and a sincere patriot. If we may not entirely agree with him as to the best method of dealing with the original sin and curse of Ireland—Popery, we are sure that he will give us credit for participating in his uncompromising abhorrence of its detestable principles; and though we must be allowed to doubt the efficiency and expediency of the Protestant Establishment under any conceivable arrangements, we think that there is much honest truth and important statement in the following manly remarks.

'The state of Ireland has within these few years attracted a large portion of the public attention: various opinions have been formed as to the origin of the evils under which she confessedly labours: and with a hope of removing them, the most opposite remedies have in their turn been recommended, adopted, and abandoned. The Government and the Opposition of the day have undertaken to institute inquiry, and thus to elicit information, but neither party has ever ven-

tured to enter fully or fairly into the question, because both of them had reason to dread the disclosures which might be made by a thorough and impartial investigation. The Opposition is at present led by several of our wealthiest absentees, and we cannot wonder if some of them wish to keep out of sight the evils resulting from their neglect of their estates, and from the misconduct of their agents, by laying all the blame upon Orangemen and tithes. The Government, no matter in whose hands, always has felt conscious that the disposal of ecclesiastical patronage, for which they are directly or indirectly responsible, would not in the great majority of cases bear investigation, and has never concurred in any measure, that might possibly lay open the secular and unhallowed motives by which it has been dispensed. The natural consequences have followed—the Church has become unpopular—party spirit and dissensions prevail—life and property are insecure, and almost every person who had the means of doing so, has abandoned the country, so that the ignorant and uncivilized peasantry have been left to their priests and designing demagogues, by whom the utmost efforts are made to teach them that they are treated as a conquered people, and that the laws of the land are but a vast system of oppression, studiously designed and unrelentingly enforced for the purposes of degradation and insult.

‘But there are Irishmen whom duty or necessity retain at home, and who are qualified, by their experience and intelligence, to judge of the real state of the country, and in their view, the evils we lament result from various causes, which have been in combined operation for many years; they witness with pleasure the enactment of salutary laws to restrain the turbulent, and the formation of institutions to improve the condition of the indigent; but they cannot conceal from themselves, that the root of the evil lies beyond the reach of either the one or the other. For were ignorance and superstition removed, and peaceable and orderly habits introduced by the best system of education, and the wishes of its warmest advocates accomplished, still it would be impossible to have a generally thriving tenantry on the great bulk of the absentees’ estates, if the present system of management were persisted in; and on the other hand, suppose all landlords and their agents were the reverse of what some now are, and that every absentee estate was managed as well as some have been, and others are beginning to be, how far must their efforts fall short of their wishes, unless they have the support of resident clergymen, alive to the responsibility of their sacred office, zealous in the discharge of their spiritual duties, commanding respect by the purity of their conduct, and benefitting the people by exhibiting publicly and privately the Scriptural doctrines of Christianity.’

*Preface, pp. v—vii.*

We have only room strongly to recommend these Tracts to the notice of our readers.



**ART. X. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.**

In the press, A Manual for Church Members. By Dr. Newman of Stepney.

In the press, History of the Protestant Church of the United Brethren. By

the Rev. J. Holmes, Author of Historical Sketches of the Missions of the United Brethren, &c.

**ART. XI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.****BIOGRAPHY.**

The Life of the Rev. Philip Henry, A.M. By the Rev. Matthew Henry, V.D.M. A New Edition, enlarged, with Important Additions, Notes, &c. By J. B. Williams, F.S.A. 8vo. with portrait. 15s.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

Remark on Professor Lee's Vindication of his edition of Jones's Persian Grammar, published in the July and August Numbers of the Asiatic Journal. 8vo. 4s.

Remarks on Volney's Ruins. By W. A. Hails. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Practical Observations upon the Education of the people, addressed to the working classes and their employers. By Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P. F.R.S. 8vo. 6d.

On the Progress of Dissent, being a reply to that article in the last Number of the Quarterly Review. By a Non Con. 2s.

Letters to a Sceptic of Distinction in the 19th Century. 12mo. 4s.

**THEOLOGY.**

The Missionaries after the Apostolical School: a series of Orations in four parts.—1. The Doctrine.—2. The Expe-

riiment.—3. The Argument.—4. The Duty. By the Rev. Edward Irving, A.M. Part I. 4s.

Thoughts on Antinomianism. By Agnostos. 1s. 6d.

A Course of Sermons for the Year, containing two for each Sunday, and one for each Holy-Day. Abridged from the most Eminent Divines of the Established Church, and adapted to the Service of the Day. Intended for the Use of Families. By the Rev. J. R. Pitman, A.M. Alternate Preacher of the Belgrave and Berkeley Chapels, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

Lectures on the Essentials of Religion, Personal, Domestic, and Social. By H. F. Burder, M.A. 9s.

The Christian Father's Reasons for Christianity, in Conversation between a Father and his Children. On Paganism, Judaism, Mahomedanism, and Christianity. By the Rev. T. Timpson. 18mo.

The Christian Father's Present to his Children. By the Rev. J. A. James. Second Edition. 1 vol. 12mo. 7s.

The Blessedness of the Dead that die in the Lord. A Funeral Sermon occasioned by the lamented death of the late Mrs. Rachel Harbottle: with a brief memoir of the deceased. By W. Roby. 1s.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

Mr. Pendered's Letter shall be inserted in our Number for April.

The Title-page, Contents, and Index to Vol. XXII., will certainly be given with the next Number.